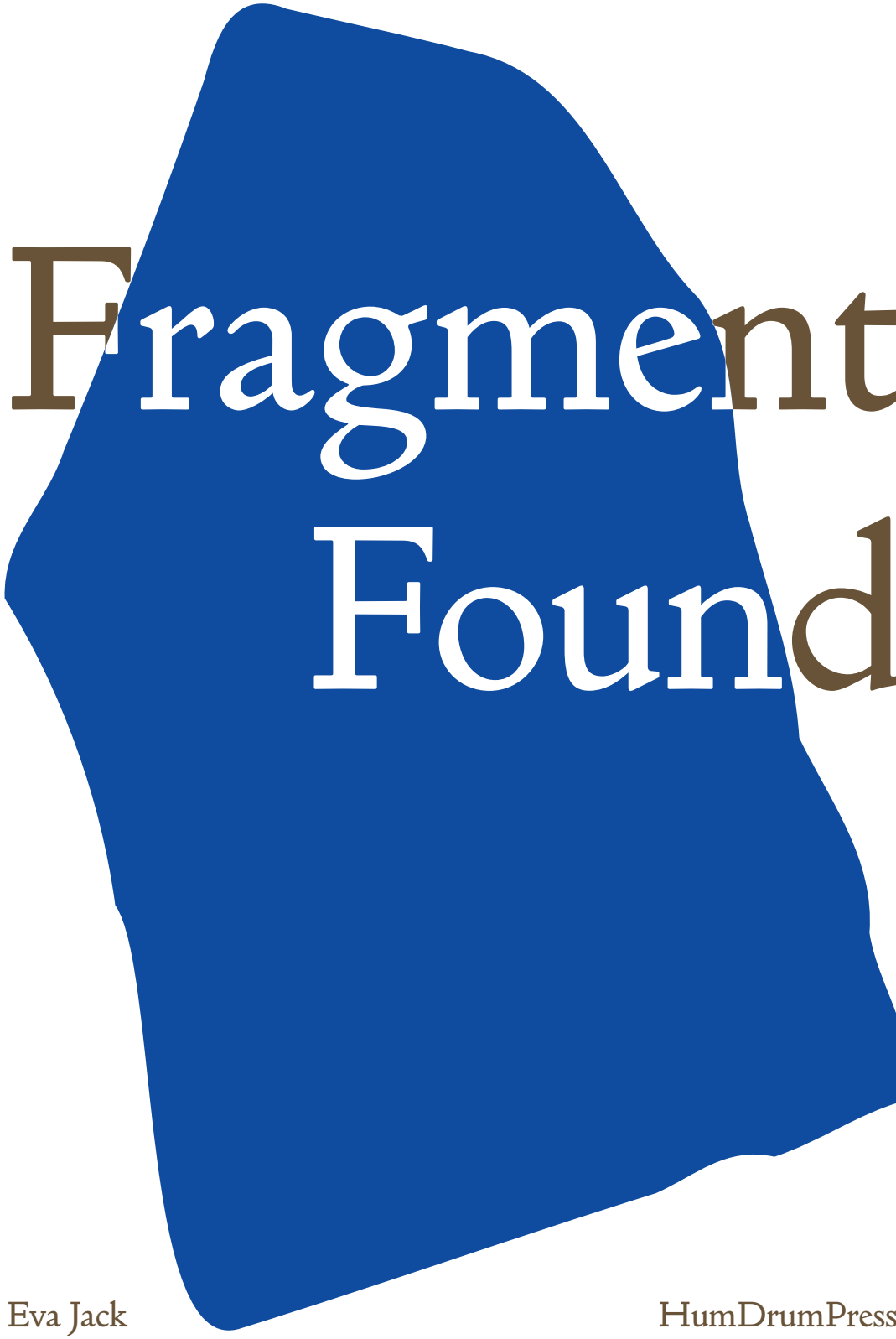
Fragment Found



Eva Jack

HumDrumPress

Fragment Found

Fragment Found

Eva Jack

HumDrumPress

7
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Eva Jack

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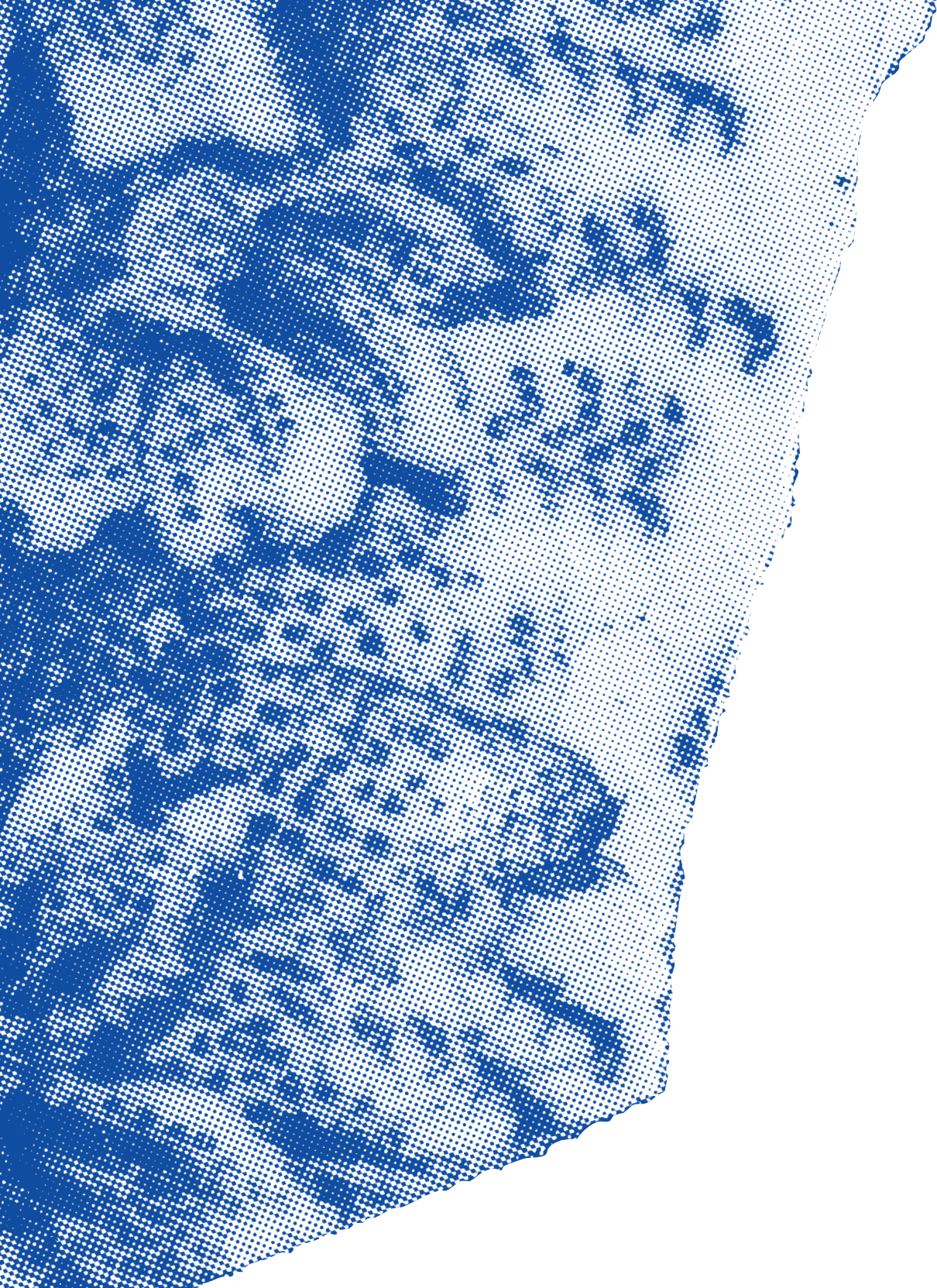

Introduction

Eva Jack

Even before my family had dogs to exercise, we would walk a lot. We'd walk, simply for the sake of walking. We'd leave for the walks from our front door – first from the house I grew up in and later from our new place a few doors down (where my parents still live).

At the dead end of our street, is a small patch of council-tended communal grass. You can walk across it, push past some longer grass and find an opening in the hawthorns from which you can follow a dusty or muddy farm track, depending on the season. The track snakes its way upwards, through fields of crops and livestock towards a hill on the horizon.

The wooden signs dotted along the track state that it is a 'public footpath' but to me, it feels private. When I was younger, my parents often noted with subtle contempt that we never saw any of the neighbours up there. No one around us ever seemed to go anywhere on foot. They were constantly pulling out of the housing estate in their cars, flying around the corners – the speed at which they did so, didn't go unnoticed. If it wasn't for the fact that our neighbours could see the surrounding countryside from their upstairs

windows, I'd wonder if they'd even registered its existence. My family, however, would go on short walks to the castle (which was actually just the ruins of a water treatment facility, but in the mind of a child anything is possible); medium walks to the burn (permission to paddle in it was revoked for fear of pesticides); and long walks up and around the hill (actually an extinct volcano and a place so peaceful that it's hard to imagine that lava ever spewed from its body). We also did rain walks, where surrendering to the elemental force of being soaked to the skin was the whole point.

For the three decades of my life thus far, I have been retracing my own steps on this path. During the course of these years, I have walked myself into a deep sense of belonging – that I belong to this place and that this place belongs to me. In part, this has probably been due to the absence of other people. In general, it is a quiet place, though during the pandemic unusually high footfall carved harsh new paths through previously untrodden grass and scrub. At that time, a territorial, animal feeling arose in me, a feeling that I had something to defend, to protect. For that moment, other people remembered the value of being outdoors. To my relief, they have since forgotten and it is mine again. It is here, in my own world, that I feel most like myself. I have moved away from this area now but return frequently to remind myself what it is to be me. I think a fear of losing this place – and, in turn, part of my identity – is what fortifies my love for it. I hope this book captures this affection in

some way and that reader's recognise their equivalent place.

Growing up, listening in on conversations that didn't involve me was an avid interest of mine. I would overhear my parents grumbling about how it wouldn't be long before the fields were turned into houses. I remember once seeing a helicopter flying overhead, hovering like the kestrels do (or at least what I have always thought are kestrels…). I was convinced that the helicopter had a property developer inside with pound signs for eyes who was fantasising about how many three-bed semis could be squeezed onto the land. Thankfully, development still hasn't happened here. However, in the neighbouring areas it has. Copy-paste houses – "luxury modern homes" as they are called – have spread like an expensive rash. Greenness has been replaced by the full spectrum of beige, with the exception of tiny squares of identical green lawns, many of which, I suspect, are made from plastic. The clay pit and brickworks where my dad played as a child have been sealed off and taken over by a large company with plans to transform them into a commercial water adventure park – they recognised the same potential for play that my dad did but seek to monetise it.

My village and the surrounding ones are "commuter villages". The draw of living in them is based on the ease of getting out of them and escaping to the city. Driving on the outbound roads, it's hard to miss the post-industrial ruins that are landmarks of the area's past – enormous salmon-coloured slag heaps of shale rock (locally known as Bings) were left behind after every drop

of oil had been squeezed from them. These villages owe their existence to extracting things from the earth. In the 17th and 18th centuries, various types of mining and quarrying took place. Coal, limestone, ironstone and sandstone were hauled from the ground. Then, in the 19th century when shale oil was discovered in the area, the population truly exploded. With this boom in industry came people and their rubbish. Exhausted pits, stripped of natural resources, were backfilled with human-made detritus and fields were scattered with household waste. Two hundred years later, this trash has been transformed by time into treasure and I now take great pleasure in sifting through it, searching for things once abandoned.

Late summer was, and still is, my favourite time of year. When the sun goes down it is replaced by the lights of a combine harvester, an enormous nocturnal creature, that slowly prowls the fields, consuming everything in its path. In a single evening's work, the combine harvester eats up a season's worth of crops, leaving behind only unwanted scraps. Stripped of their grains, neat rows of shaved blonde stubble remain for a few weeks before another machine with huge metal teeth tears its way through them, scarring and exposing the land and revealing what's been lurking beneath the surface all along – pieces of pottery, glass and metal. Seagulls and crows pick their way across the land. Together we scavenge, albeit looking for different things. My eyes and hands are the only tools I need. I often wonder if coming from a place built on extraction, there's

something in my blood that drives me to constantly scour the ground for what I can find, and take.

I was probably about eight when I first realised there was history beneath my feet. My mum pulled a strange black glassy object from the mud. Everything ground to a halt – I was moved through time – as we tried to establish what this thing was.

It is about the size of the palm of her hand. We look at it, we touch it. The glass is curved and textured with ridges. It's an organic form. A bird? A bird of prey? The object is first identifiable by its head followed by the rest of its body which curves, suggesting it was once something's handle. The point at which it is broken – along the underside of the belly – shows where it became estranged from the object it was once part of.

How long had this artefact laid there? Where was the rest of it? How had it ended up there? All these questions were unanswerable. Without formal identification, it came to be known as the 'Anglo-Saxon Eagle' in our family dialect. At the time, I had no grasp of what the term meant (and, to be honest, I still don't) except that it was old which was all that mattered.

Despite being special to us, the artefact wasn't put on display. It was carelessly stored in a kitchen cupboard inside a plastic box – the same type of container in which we housed chocolate biscuits. It lived in the museum of our everyday lives and could be found among other unclassified relics including burnt-out lighters, dried-up pens, elastic bands that hadn't made it to our elastic band

ball, keys to seldom-opened doors and not-yet-written-on post-it notes awaiting shopping lists. Our disregard for the eagle's storage hinted at the fact that it was not so much the found object itself but rather the process of finding it that was important. The Anglo-Saxon Eagle was later lost during the move between our two houses – perhaps it has now been found by someone new, or maybe it's deep within a sprawling landfill somewhere, out of place amongst today's junk.

The discovery of the eagle marked the origin of my interest in finding fragments. Over time and many discoveries, I have realised that there are things to be found not just in fields but in building sites, lodged in muddy riverbanks, wedged between the cobbles of old streets – and just about everywhere else you can think of. While I have been searching for fragments since I was a child, it was only about five years ago that I learnt that looking for, and collecting, old stuff comes with official names such as mudlarking, fieldwalking, beachcombing and dump digging. With this realisation came another: that searching for objects was a valid hobby, a ritual of discovery, that other people had been engaging in throughout history.

I was not alone in this practice and I began to wonder what other people might have found. Driven by this curiosity, in 2021 I started fragmentfound.com – inviting the public to share their finds and build a people's archive of pottery sherds.[1] I am specifically interested in collating painted and printed pottery sherds – fragments that have imagery on them: flowers, people,

1 Please note that 'sherd' is not a spelling error, it refers specifically to broken pottery as opposed to 'shard' which refers more generally to any broken, sharp-edged material.

animals, miniature scenes–most of which are from the 1800s. While lots of collectors seek out earlier artefacts like Roman potsherds which are held in higher archaeological esteem, they don't appeal to me so much, based purely on their appearance (rough and brown, they are harder for me to distinguish from more modern broken bits).

Since the website's inception, almost one and a half thousand photographs of pottery pieces have been uploaded by people from all over the world. Submitters provide details on who, where and when each sherd was found. They also have the opportunity to share other information about their finds, be that fact or speculation.

This project is about the shared joy of collecting, making public and visible found objects that would normally reside undocumented in the intimacy of the home – in pockets and drawers and on window sills. Notably, the archive is digital and composed of photographic copies of the finds, not the originals. This means that the sherds remain in the treasured possession of those who found them. Each sherd contributes to a mosaicking of the past. Collectively pieced together, it is ever-expanding.

This publication brings the project out of the digital and back into the analogue world as something you can hold in your hands. Along with selected finds from the archive, this book contains a series of commissioned texts, gathered from an open call and invitation process. The non-prescriptive brief and light editing process were deliberately sensitive to maintaining the

authenticity of each individual voice. The texts are written by experts and enthusiasts, by people who write but may not necessarily define themselves as writers or perhaps haven't been published previously. The works are wide-ranging in their scope and approach but bound together by the idea of a found fragment – be that focusing on the process or the object itself.

From these collectively-sourced sherds have grown works of fiction, history and reflection; factual and fanciful. The stories they tell meander in many directions, taking us on journeys; be that to a creek in Pennsylvania with Zach Ozma or to a charity shop in Devon with Lally Macbeth. We are kept company by people real and imagined – like in Dave Clarke's *Walking with Archie* and Kate Clayton as Sibylla in *Broken Blue*, respectively. While looking back is at the core of the project, some texts, such as the interview *Community in Clay* with Ruth Impey, serve as a reminder of the ways in which we can reinvigorate history, giving it contemporary relevance for life today. These varied perspectives offer an opportunity to reflect how these artefacts connect us to the land, to the past and to each other.

The translation of the project from digital to print felt daunting. Once printed on a page, text and images have a permanence, unlike a website which can be continuously edited and expanded. The publication of the book does not mark the end of the project, rather a moment in time that brings together some of the finds submitted and collated over the last four years. It is a chance to pause

and dig deeper. The website remains open to new submissions, please visit and add to it at fragmentfound.com/submit or @fragmentfound.

When I set out on my wanders up the dirt track and across the fields at the dead-end of my street, I never considered that these walks would, one day, lead me to creating this publication. What began as a solitary pursuit has become something bigger. This project would be nothing without everyone who has contributed to it – submitting fragments and sharing their knowledge and stories. I'm not sure where Fragment Found will take me next but I will continue to collect little bits of forgotten history – archiving and sharing my findings and encouraging others to join me. I'll do this for the project but, above all, I'll continue for the pure and simple joy of it.

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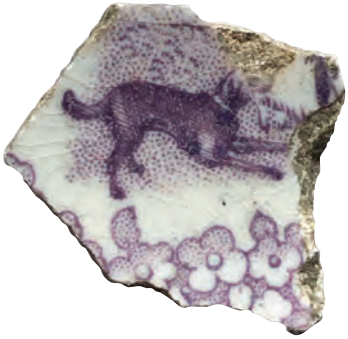


00005

00007

00001
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 28/05/2020

00002
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 30/05/2020

00003
Fragment Found by Frances Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 28/05/2020

00004
Fragment Found by Keith Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 03/07/2020

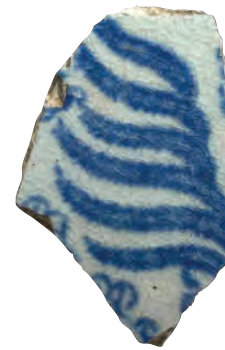
00005
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 09/08/2020

00006
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 09/08/2020

00007
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 31/08/2020

00008

00014



00029

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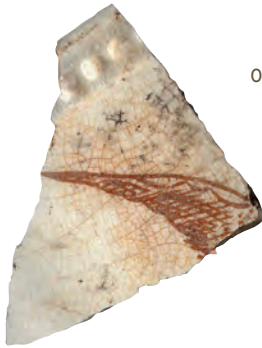
00009



00015

00008
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 02/06/2020

00009
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 09/08/2020

00014
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 10/08/2020

00015
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 09/08/2020

00028
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 09/08/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
James Keiller Dundee Marmalade Jar.
Established in 1797, the company used
stoneware jars until 1928.

00029
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 01/07/2020

00030
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 01/07/2020

00030

00034

00038

00137

00034
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 01/07/2020

00038
Fragment Found by Danny Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 10/09/2021

00137
Fragment Found by Ella Mackay
Fragment Found in Uphall, West Lothian
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 09/09/2021

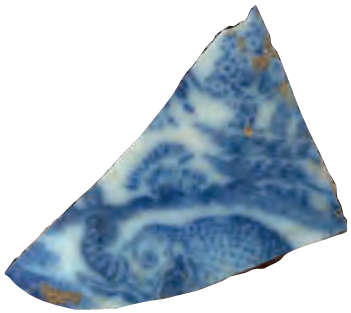
00155
Fragment Found by Danny Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 10/09/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Dr Franklin's Maxims child's plate

00156
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 10/09/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
C. W. Plumtree Potted Meat pot

00155

00156

00157



00171

00173

00160

00172

00174

00157
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 08/08/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Print recalling the Great Chesterfield Potato Disaster of 1827, which was an unprecedented tragedy affecting so many that the story was depicted on crockery so that future generations would never forget the scale of the event. The irony is that now hardly anyone remembers the Great Chesterfield Potato Disaster.

00160
Fragment Found by Danny Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 11/10/2021

00171
Fragment Found by Clare Lodge
Fragment Found in North Cray, Kent, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 12/05/2018
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in old gardens that used to be part of almshouses.

00172
Fragment Found by Clare Lodge
Fragment Found in North Cray, Kent, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 09/03/2019
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in old gardens that used to be part of almshouses.

00173
Fragment Found by Clare Lodge
Fragment Found in North Cray, Kent, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 16/03/2019
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in old gardens that used to be part of almshouses.

00174
Fragment Found by Anne Mullane
Fragment Found in Bankside,
London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore

00175

00176

00184

00202

00180

00175
Fragment Found by Anne Mullane
Fragment Found in Blackfriars, London
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore

00176
Fragment Found by Christine Smith
Fragment Found in Ocean City,
New Jersey, USA
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification
Found near where a cargo ship wrecked in early 20th century, The Cyndia.

00180
Fragment Found by Kate Wiseman
Fragment Found in St Lawrence Bay,
Essex, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore

00184
Fragment Found by Kate Wiseman
Fragment Found in Tilbury, Essex England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore

00200
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt,
Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

00202
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt,
Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

00203
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt,
Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

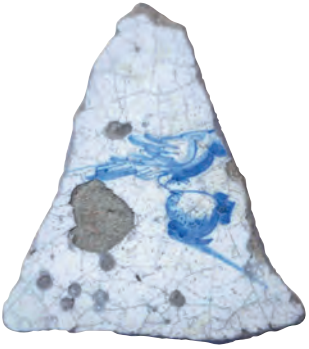
00200

00203

00209

00210

00212



00214

00231

00211

00218

00260

00209
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt, Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

00210
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt, Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

00211
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt, Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

00212
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt, Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

00214
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt, Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

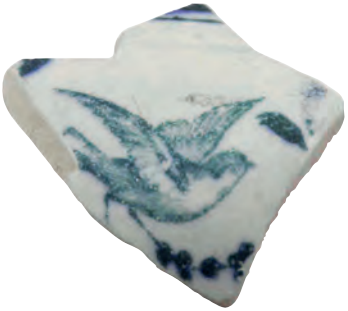
00218
Fragment Found by Tom Janssens
Fragment Found in River Scheldt, Antwerp, Belgium
Fragment Found in a river

00231
Fragment Found by Gill Ferebee
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 15/05/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Believed to be part of depiction of Eros.

00260
Fragment Found by Chris MacKillican
Fragment Found in Fincham, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, England
Fragment Found in a garden

00264

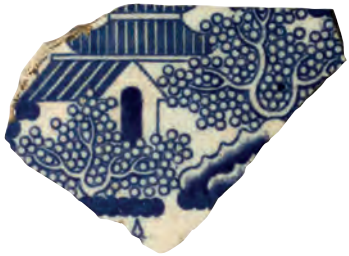
00300



00321

00327

00320



00325

00333

00334

00264
Fragment Found by Chris MacKillican
Fragment Found in Fincham, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Comments/Information/Identification
Seems to be hand painted

00300
Fragment Found by Chris MacKillican
Fragment Found in Fincham, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, England
Fragment Found in a garden

00320
Fragment Found by Abby Seipert
Fragment Found in Hutchinson Island, Savannah, Georgia, USA
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 17/03/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
A fragment of a plate made by Buffalo China for the Savannah Line, which operated steamship service between Savannah and New York from 1872–1951. The logo is well-centered on the sherd, and dates the piece to the 1930–1952 period.

00321
Fragment Found by Diane Kerr
Fragment Found in Dunbar, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 31/10/2021

00325
Fragment Found by Lara Chapman
Fragment Found in Bishops Park, London, England
Fragment Found in a park
Fragment Found on 15/08//2021
Comments/Information/Identification
This is one of the biggest fragments I have found (took quite some digging to get it out). It is 7 cm at its widest point by about 5 cm and about 6mm deep.

00327
Fragment Found by Lara Lily Chapman
Fragment Found in Richmond, London, England
Fragment Found in a park
Fragment Found on 25/09/2020

00333
Fragment Found by Kate Wiseman
Fragment Found in Wapping, London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 01/09/2020

00334
Fragment Found by Kate Wiseman
Fragment Found in Tilbury, Essex, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 07/09/2021

The Membran

ne

Hannah Maria Chisholm

Hannah Chisholm is a UK-based sociocultural anthropologist with a special interest in the intersections of internal experiences and environmental narratives, including the social agency and symbolism of objects and place.

The river wall demarcates the boundary.
The Membrane. I'm standing at the edge.
Savouring the blues and greys of the Thames palette, I tuck my jeans into my wellies and take a deep breath in. This part always feels profound.

Once you become acquainted with the possibilities, there is nothing like the moment of stepping through the Membrane. Descending the steps from the linear pedestrian world and into the ever-shifting matrix of material culture and social history. The foreshore.

The foreshore is intensely liminal. Not quite here, nor there. Not now, nor then. It is instead a transient and hybrid place with both real and imagined qualities. Borders of time and spatiality collapse; dissolved in mud and water. Reconstituted with each tide and re-conjured twice a day.

The foreshore's liminality characterises how it feels to be here, and how you engage with it. Your exploration is bound to the interstitial space that is revealed as the water peels away. It ends as the river claims it back.

As you arrive on the foreshore your body forgets the rules it adheres to on the pavement. There is no use for self-consciousness here, no particular way to hold yourself, or even a need to meet anyone's gaze. You merge with the landscape whilst you're here.

Whilst we have a right to be here, *being here* feels mysterious, clandestine, and vulnerable. Even *sound* feels different. Metallic industrial noises bellow and reverberate in the cavernous space between the structures lining each side of the river. Where else in central London can sound travel so far uninterrupted?

The practice of mudlarking invokes other sounds too, or at least the *feeling* of them. It *feels* as though unintelligible secrets are being whispered in your ears. Then the more you go, and the more you learn, and the more you recognise, you begin to decipher words and phrases. In time you learn real stories. Each fragment found is a portal to passing moments that have punctuated daily lives just like yours and mine.

But it isn't just about the finding. The finding is one facet of a rich and dynamic assemblage of

experience – one which is internal and external in equal measures. Mudlarking is experiential osmosis! Each trip to the foreshore is a haptic sensory arc in which mystery is king.

I descend the steps. Eyes and ears open…

Underneath my feet: Blitz rubble. Pipe stems. Coal. Shards of sugarloaf mould with its distinctive white slip and heavy colonial undertones. I pick up none of it, but I *hear* all of it. Narrative.

With my anthropologist hat on I'd tell you this:

The act of mudlarking is phenomenologically generative. It's a 'peripatetic practice' (walking while doing) – that cultivates a 'trialogue' between (the objects in) your immediate environment, your internal catalogue of historical knowledge, and the long-gone people who lived it. There is a relationship between the (co-)production of personal narratives, and movement through space and place…

…but that is a wincingly theoretical way of describing such a deeply personal experience. Each artefact is a conduit through which to experience *communion* with an undocumented moment in time.

communion
/kəˈmjuːnjən/
noun
1. the sharing or exchanging of intimate thoughts and feelings, especially on a mental or spiritual level.

Something catches my eye and I kneel to meet it. A fragment of the base of a vessel. Surrey whiteware, relatively thin and thumbed distinctively around the edge. Probably 14th century. I can tell from the inclusions in the clay.

As I turn it in my hands I find perfect fingerprints of the maker. (My pupils dilate). They are *tiny*. And this makes sense. While identifying finds from my previous lark I learned these items were commonly made by children. This is a whisper I wouldn't have heard if I'd found it last week.

I imagine the maker at their workbench, their little hands milky with slip. This child, conjured only in my mind's eye but who existed as surely as I do. As their fingerprints *still* do. This child revitalised in my imagination. Their fingerprints an anchor between two worlds.

To mudlark is to collect imaginaries. As you train your eye and recognise more during your wanderings ('wonderings' fits too) the social lives of the objects you see begin to fill your mind with narratives.

As you amble on the foreshore in this way, you are wandering into different *conceptual* spaces and places initiated by objects you recognise. Otherwise unknowable moments. The flit of a medieval child's fingers as they cast finishing touches to their work.

As I reflect on my communion with this child who lived almost 700 years ago my attention is wrenched from the ground –

"Hello there!"

Another mudlarker – a familiar face – is walking in my direction. This person and I usually find ourselves mudlarking on the same side of this stretch of shore. But today she's coming from the other end. I shield my eyes from the low sun and smile. "Hello!" I replied. "You started at the other end!"

"Oh, I've just been in Rome!"

She is referring to a part of the shore from which many Roman artefacts are known to wash out periodically. In her hand she grips a glistening shard of Samian ware, still wet from nearly two thousand years in the river. It bears the weathered outline of a palm tree. The palm tree whispers too.

The palm tree, as she pointed out, is something most people on this island would never have seen in real life. It reminds us of the vastness of the Roman Empire to which Londinium once belonged.

I smile again. I had come from a medieval workshop in the outskirts of London and she from the Roman Empire. And here we both were atop the ever-shifting matrix and exchanging tales from our pilgrimage.

We part ways, each with our respective portal in hand.

The foreshore transforms you into a conduit for human stories from worlds lost or changed. Then the tide encroaches back in and reminds you that everything you found here was a gift.

Low tide has been and gone.

I sit while the water rises. Dig my heels into the shingle. Mudlarking isn't always a peripatetic practice. Sometimes it's sitting and thinking.

Clutching my fragment, I wonder what else this child made, and if any of those items are scattered around me in fragments too. I think about how the idea of childhood did not exist in any recognisable way until 400 years after this vessel was made. As I imagine them at their workbench fusing wet clay together with their thumbs, I try to remember what I was doing when my hands were that small. Playdough at school?

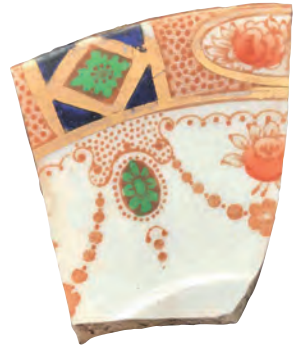
It is in these moments where the internal and external narratives of mudlarking entwine. Sometimes it's hard to know where one ends and the other begins. That's part of the magic though. The gift that keeps on giving.

The Thames licks my feet, ushering me back towards the Membrane. I'm still thinking about childhood. About school.

I untuck my jeans from my wellies and turn to ascend back up into the pedestrian world.

In history lessons we mostly learn about kings and queens, or about big sweeping shifts in culture and ideology. Armies and dynasties and Gods. We learn very little about the minutiae of daily life for the average person. It certainly never feels real.

It feels real on this side of the Membrane. On the foreshore it is all here to be found. When you meet your forebears in their simple humanity, you also meet yourself in yours.



00335

00338

00342

00344

00336

00339

00347

00335
Fragment Found by Kate Wiseman
Fragment Found in Tilbury, Essex, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 07/09/2021

00336
Fragment Found by Kate Wiseman
Fragment Found in Tilbury, Essex, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 07/09/2021

00338
Fragment Found by Kate Wiseman
Fragment Found in Tilbury, Essex, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 07/09/2021

00339
Fragment Found by Tracey Louise Brunning
Comments/Information/Identification
Burgess & Leigh pottery tankard, 'How's Business' humorous print, c.1895.

00342
Fragment Found by Flash Jervis
Fragment Found in England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 20/10/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
Found metal detecting. Picked up a bottle top and this beauty. No markings on the back. General consensus on Facebook thinks it's transfer-printed whiteware – probably English or Delft.

00344
Fragment Found by Sarah Rothwell
Fragment Found in Cramond Island, Midlothian, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 10/06/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
As we were allowed to go for longer walks during Lockdown, I would head from Leith to Cramond, and if the tide was out, head across the causeway onto Cramond Island, a wee haven just off the Forth. The shore is covered with mussel and oyster shells, bricks and bits of pottery, where I found this wee fragment.

00347
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Comments/Information/Identification
I believe this fragment depicts Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yacht Shamrock, which was his 1899 entry to the America's Cup. Lipton was known to enjoy sailing on the River Clyde and started his business empire in Glasgow.

00348

00350

00354

00358

00353

00348
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 03/11/2021

00350
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 10/07/2021

00353
Fragment Found by Kelsey Thorp
Fragment Found in New Hampshire, USA
Fragment Found in field
Fragment Found on 13/11/2021

00354
Fragment Found by Hannah Durham
Fragment Found in Floyds Knobs, Indiana, USA
Fragment Found in a bare patch in front yard
Fragment Found on 04/08/2021

00358
Fragment Found by Jennifer Brown
Fragment Found in Dundee, Scotland
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 01/09/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
The garden was once the site of St Patrick's RC Primary, which may have some connection to the piece.

00374

00374, 00381, 00382
Fragment Found by Robert Allen
Fragment Found in Stourbridge, West Midlands, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on c.1960–2021
Comments/Information/Identification
When my younger daughter was about 6 or 7 she used to pick up bits of pottery in our garden and she called it 'Platty Blue' and we still call it that. She is 62 now so you can tell it was a long time ago. Since then, I have tended to pick up pieces when I have been digging and just chuck them on the ledge in the garden.

00381

00382

00386

00403

00406

00409

00404

00407

00411

00412

00386
Fragment Found by Jennifer Brown
Fragment Found in Dundee, Scotland
Fragment Found in a garden

00403
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 11/09/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Could the curved lines be part of an army tank?

00404
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 11/09/2021

00406
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 04/07/2021

00407
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 27/06/2021

00409
Fragment Found by Karol Florek
Fragment Found in Cambridge, England
Fragment Found in a field

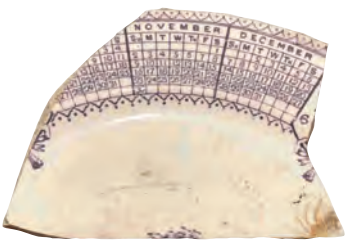
00411
Fragment Found by Karol Florek
Fragment Found in Rota, Northern Mariana Islands
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 16/06/2013
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on a beach when visiting Rota, Northern Mariana Islands. The beach was littered with many fragments of pottery. This piece most likely ended up there from a rusty modern shipwreck which was just off shore. However, Rota is also the site of much older shipwrecks going back to the 16th c. Fragment is 8cm across and weighs 63g and quite thick. It was possibly the rim of a heavy bowl.

00412
Fragment Found by Karol Florek
Fragment Found in Rota, Northern Mariana Islands
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 16/06/2013
Comments/Information/Identification
The other side of fragment 00411.

00422

00423

00425



00427

00448

00424

00426

00422
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field

00423
Fragment Found by Germander Speedwell
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 06/11/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
The man is playing a banjo – which is historically interesting in itself. It looks 19th Century, and thus is quite an early depiction of someone playing a banjo (the earliest picture of one ever was only from the 1780s approx).

00424
Fragment Found by Susan Cordingley
Fragment Found in Sowerby Bridge,
West Yorkshire, England
Fragment Found in the River Calder
Fragment Found on 18/11/2021

00425
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in River Douglas,
Lancashire, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/11/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
A fragment long away from home, 262 miles according to Google Maps. All research has drawn a blank, so I'm guessing either eponymous hotel or train crockery.

00426
Fragment Found by Mary McCarthy
Fragment Found in New York, USA
Fragment Found in a landfill

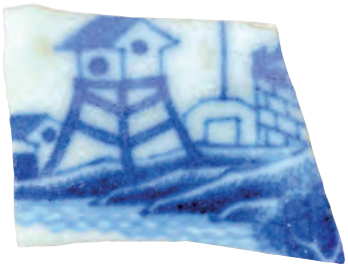
00427
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in River Douglas,
Lancashire, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/11/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
I especially love it as I was born on Thursday the 11th December.

00448
Fragment Found by Alison Smith
Fragment Found in Portishead Lifeboat
Beach, Somerset, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 30/11/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Two separate but matching parts of a Brooke and Prudencio Ginger Beer stoneware bottle from Bristol. Could be at least 100 years old and the figure is Neptune – really apt for being found "out of the sea"!

00450

00453

00459



00460

00461

00454

00455

00450
Fragment Found by Rick Potts
Fragment Found in Twickenham, London, England
Fragment Found in Crane Park

00453
Fragment Found by Areti
Fragment Found in Alepotripa, Athens, Greece
Fragment Found on a hill
Fragment Found on 13/05/2020

00454
Fragment Found by Rick Potts
Fragment Found in Ham Lands, Richmond, England
Fragment Found in a field

00455
Fragment Found by Rick Potts
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore

00459
Fragment Found by Rick Potts
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore

00460
Fragment Found by Rick Potts
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore

00461
Fragment Found by Rick Potts
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore

00465
Fragment Found by Hannah Durham
Fragment Found in Charleston, South Carolina, USA
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 25/05/2012

00471
Fragment Found by Jane Manley
Fragment Found in Lower Halstow, Kent, England
Fragment Found in an estuary
Fragment Found on 06/10/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on foreshore of Lower Halstow Creek on River Medway in Kent in an area where London's rubbish was sent to the brickworks.

00465

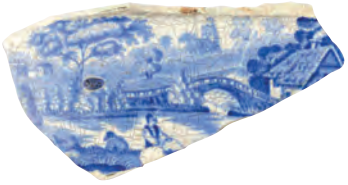
00471

00479

00486

00504

00513



00516

00503

00514

00518

00479
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Ronkswood Meadows, Worcester, England
Fragment Found on a building site
Fragment Found on 26/12/2021

00486
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Ronkswood Meadows, Worcester, England
Fragment Found on a building site
Fragment Found on 26/12/2021

00503
Fragment Found by Louise Nolan
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on the foreshore
Fragment Found on 14/07/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on the foreshore at Carriden Bo'ness, the site of the McNay Bo'ness Pottery. Sherd from a patriotic 'The Gordon Highlanders' bowl, dating from 1914–1918.

00504
Fragment Found by Louise Nolan
Fragment Found in Carriden, Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on the foreshore
Fragment Found on 14/07/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on the foreshore at Bo'ness Pottery, the site of the McNay Bo'ness Pottery. Looks like the corner of a Victorian tile.

00513
Fragment Found by Donald Mcleod
Fragment Found in The Ross, Comrie, Scotland
Fragment Found in an old orchard
Fragment Found on 01/12/2021

00514
Fragment Found by Donald Mcleod
Fragment Found in The Ross, Comrie, Scotland
Fragment Found in an old orchard

00516
Fragment Found by Rick Potts
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found in the Thames foreshore

00518
Fragment Found by Mary Paterson
Fragment Found in Greenock, Scotland
Fragment Found on a riverbank
Fragment Found on 02/01/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
This sherd has the pattern name 'Ravenna' printed on the back.

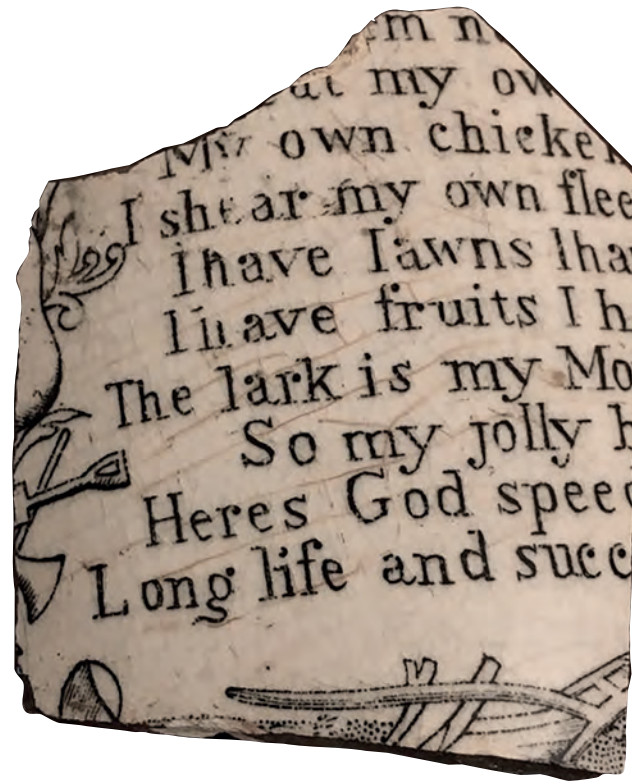
A Pig

Named
Duke
Jane Manley

Jane Manley is a tour guide, currently working in the heritage sector in London, UK. Her love of her home city has inspired a lifelong interest in history.

I once had a mudlarking friend by the name of Duke. I'm not really sure that he knew what a mudlark was but this was probably down to the fact that he was a pig, a British Lop boar to be precise. Duke lived on the farm where I worked and the farm had been built on the top of an old Victorian rubbish dump. He spent all of his time grubbing around his field trying to find something to eat, but all he ever found was centuries old rubbish! It was my job to go into the field to check up on him and give him his feed, but first I would scrutinise his latest finds, and the best ones inevitably ended up in my pockets. This fragment was definitely the best of what he managed to turn up. The verse on the fragment comes from something known as *The Farmer's Arms*, more commonly referred to as, *God Speed The Plough*. I recognised it straight away as I had seen a complete example – a transferware mug – in an antique shop. At the time I had wanted to buy it but it was very expensive, so when I found the fragment from one similar I was delighted. Some time later I managed to find a modern

version which although I did purchase, didn't move me as much as the original had. Imagine my delight when around twenty years later I came across an antique one in a charity shop and at a tenth of the price! I must say that not everything that Duke found was worthy of being taken home and added to my collection, although several items were. He once found a wrought iron finial that had previously graced the top of some iron railings. After a bit of cleaning and repainting it became a paper-weight. Then there was the head and very small leg of a china doll. One item that definitely didn't come home with me was part of a century-old old chicken carcass.
I think that part of the reason that Duke enjoyed grub-bing around in the field was out of boredom. He lived in that field all on his own until the farm manager decided that he needed some company and this is when he was joined by Sunshine, another British Lop. Sunshine was a gilt, which is the name for an adult female pig before she has had a litter of piglets. Duke and Sunshine hit it off immediately and late one afternoon it became obvious to the farm manager that Sunshine had gone into labour.
I volunteered to stay late and help with the farrowing, which is when a female pig gives birth. Sunshine gave birth to 12 piglets and I was there to see each one's entry into the world.

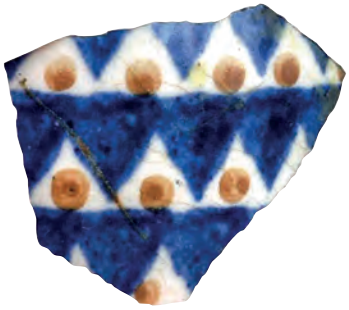

my ow
own chicke
I shear my own flee
I have lawns tha
I have fruits I h
The lark is my Mo
So my jolly h
Heres God spee
Long life and succ

00520

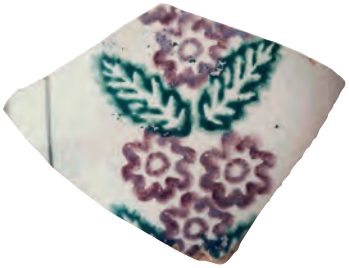
00521

00523

00536



00548



00522

00546

00520
Fragment Found by Mary Paterson
Fragment Found in Greenock, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 02/01/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
The holes in this sherd are an original feature of the object.

00521
Fragment Found by Michelle Corcoran
Fragment Found in Kirkcudbright, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Comments/Information/Identification
I found this piece of pottery on the river's edge at Kirkcudbright Bay on the St Mary's Isle side. I think it's hand painted, possibly a child's plate.

00522
Fragment Found by Michelle Corcoran
Fragment Found in Kirkcudbright, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on the River Dee neat Tongland Bridge, Scottish spongeware.

00523
Fragment Found by Michelle Corcoran
Fragment Found in Kirkcudbright, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 03/02/2021

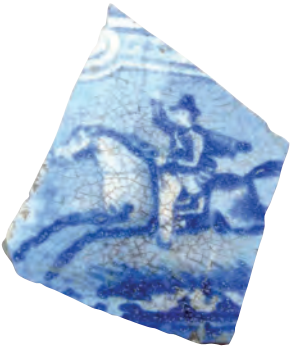
00536
Fragment Found by Michelle Corcoran
Fragment Found in Kirkcudbright, Scotland
Fragment Found in a beach
Fragment Found on 11/01/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on a dog walk near Dhoon beach.

00546
Fragment Found by Jess McIntosh
Fragment Found in Southwick, Northamptonshire, England
Fragment Found in a brook
Fragment Found on 25/06/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
Wanli or Kraak porcelain early 16th century. Kraak is a type of Chinese export porcelain mainly produced in the late Ming Dynasty. The piece I found was made in the Wanli Emperors reign from 1573–1620 (looking at other Wanli Kraak styles my little pieces fit right in with the segmented designs).

00548
Fragment Found by Jess McIntosh
Fragment Found in Barnwell, Northamptonshire, England
Fragment Found in a brook
Fragment Found on 01/03/2021

00549

00552



00555

00559

00561

00556

00557

00564

00565

00549
Fragment Found by Jane Manley
Fragment Found in Tilbury, Essex, England
Fragment Found in an estuary
Fragment Found on 23/06/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Fragment from the Kensington Palace Hotel. At some time it was renamed the Royal Palace Hotel. It was demolished in the late 1950s.

00552
Fragment Found by Jeni Park
Fragment Found in Stevenson, North Ayrshire, Scotland
Fragment Found on the foreshore
Fragment Found on 09/01/2022

00556
Fragment Found by Ella Mackay
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on the foreshore
Fragment Found on 05/02/2022

00557
Fragment Found by Daniel Turner
Fragment Found in Watford, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in the soil in my garden which was the site of a WW2 bomb blast.

00559
Fragment Found by Michelle Corcoran
Fragment Found in Kirkcudbright, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 03/03/2022

00561
Fragment Found by Innes Lean
Fragment Found in Myreside, Meigle, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 29/12//2021

00564
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on the foreshore
Fragment Found on 06/02/2021

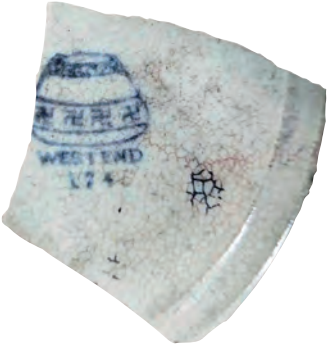
00565
Fragment Found by Jess Williams
Fragment Found in Southwell, Nottinghamshire, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 03/02/2022

00572

00574

00585

00586



00587

00584

00590

00572
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Gloucester, England
Fragment Found in an old dump

00574
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Gloucester, England
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 27/01/2022

00584
Fragment Found by Ryan Cook
Fragment Found in Western Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a stream
Fragment Found on 01/07/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in a historic stream that I frequent often and which yields a huge variety of pottery sherds among other curiosities.

00585
Fragment Found by Danny Jack
Fragment Found in Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on footpath
Fragment Found on 09/02/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Found at the side of a footpath in the Hamiltonhill Claypits Nature Reserve. A lot of pathways have been made in this area, digging up pieces of old pottery and glass in the process.

00586
Fragment Found by Felicity Morris
Fragment Found in Weston-super-Mare, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Comments/Information/Identification
My mum found it in the garden about 20 years ago. It is a part of a 'F. S. CLEAVERS Genuine Bears Grease for The Hair' pot lid. Dates back to the early 1860s.

00587
Fragment Found by Ryan Cook
Fragment Found in Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a stream
Fragment Found on 15/02/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
When I pulled this pottery sherd from a stream yesterday in rural Pennsylvania, swastikas were the last thing I expected to see on the underside! I knew it had to be pre-WW2, as it was obviously an American made piece. West End Pottery operated in East Liverpool, Ohio from 1893–1938, and the swastika (then a good luck symbol) was used in their back stamps c.1920.

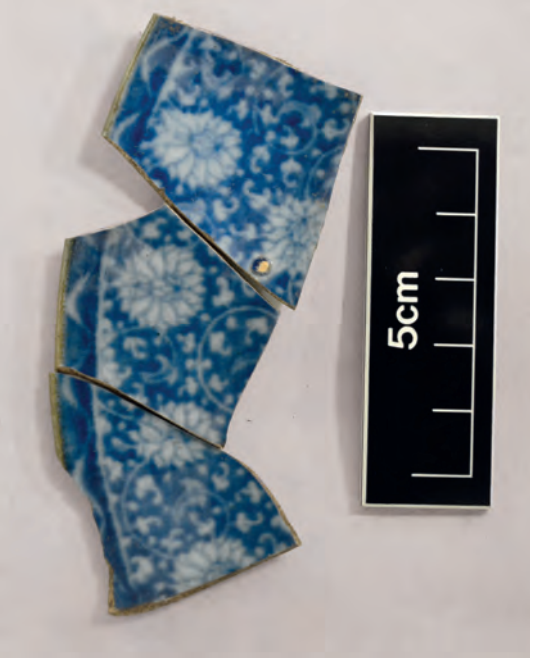
00590
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 22/01/2022

Bothy

Bowl

Edward C. Stewart

Edward C. Stewart is an Engagement Officer at Archaeology Scotland. He holds a PhD in Archaeology from the University of Glasgow, which explores shieling landscapes and the interpretation of upland archaeology in the Scottish Highlands.



These fragments, the remains of a bowl, were found in a small structure in Gleann Leac-na-Muidhe, Glencoe. Leac-na-Muidhe translates as the 'slab of the milk churn' and refers to either to the way the mountain burns roar and eddy through the soft limestone of the valley floor and carving out a series of bowl-like cavernous depths, or to the importance of this glen as a shieling ground where cattle were milked, and cheese and butter made.

Beside this sometimes roaring river which survives only as knee-high stone walls, a structure that was once home to communities of milkmaids and herders from the settlements of Glencoe can be found. This structure, a shieling hut, forms one of a series of stone and turf structures which housed this seasonal community comprising the young women and children of the townships who would mind the cattle in the upland pastures during the summer months.

During the shieling season this glen would have been busy with an array of practices both related to the production of dairy products, and the harvesting of plants for dyes, medicine, food, and textiles. These communities would then decant again come autumn carrying the products of their summer labours back to the winter settlements in Glencoe. In the Autumn and Winter these

huts might have been used by charcoal burners, whiling away hours watching their stances to produce charcoal for iron works like those at Bonawe, or hunters pursuing the flighty red deer. In the late spring the men of the townships would arrive to repair and rebuild the shieling huts ready for summer, perhaps staying a while between journeys to the higher bogs to cut peat for fuel.

This would have been the seasonal cycle of life in this glen until the late 18th century when the landscape was transformed by the construction of sheep farms, and the clearance of the upland settlements and shieling grounds of Glencoe. These changes were brought about by a desire among landowners to increase the profitability of their lands, with sheep being the cash crop of choice.

Around this time new laws aimed at protecting easily taxable lowland distilleries banned the unlicenced production of whisky for sale in the Highlands. At the same time the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars with France had blockaded supplies of sherry, port and brandy which led to a surge in demand for whisky among the

wealthy. This forced many tenants for whom whisky was one of few ways to generate rent in cash, to begin to distil illegally from hidden bothies among the hills. It would seem that this was the fate of the former shieling hut. Whisky stilling was a dangerous task and ran the risk of discovery by excisemen or gaugers, and the threat of imprisonment. Accounts of skirmishes between gaugers and stillers are common, and during the excavation of this structure six pieces of pistol shot were uncovered beneath a floor slab by the entrance way. Were these kept hidden for use if a party of excisemen arrived unannounced?

During the period when the hut was being used as a still house for whisky making, three hearths allowed for the malting, mash and distillation. The final stage of distillation was done in a walled up void in a corner of the hut. The stream beside the hut was altered to provide water for the whisky making. During excavations, sherds of bottle glass were found that might have been used as vessels to store some of the whisky produced for personal use by those making it or standing guard at the still house. The bowl fragments found might have been for sampling the beer-like 'wash' produced by the fermentation process. Supposedly in the 20th century distillery workers on the night shift would sample the warm beer to keep themselves jolly though cold nights. Perhaps the bowls were used by those huddling around a hearth in the Glen during the late autumn taking similar libations over two hundred years ago.

The excavation of this structure was completed as part of my PhD research into the busyness of shieling landscapes in the post-medieval Highlands and Islands. The excavation team consisted of myself and friends from my undergraduate, masters and PhD in archaeology who kindly took time from work and study to dig this little hut in the hills. We stayed at a cottage just across the burn from these shielings, within shouting range if I'd forgotten my notebook or the site records in my haste to start the day's digging. Of all the shielings I had excavated in Gleann Leac-na-Muidhe this was the first to yield finds in the traditional sense, the previous

two huts excavated contained a timber post, and a large worked smooring stone respectively, and the thrill of finds was a pleasant change of pace, as was the larger dig team.

This was perhaps one of the livelier sites I have worked on down to it mostly being made up of old friends. Our near-constant chatter echoed between the narrow slots of the trenches, especially once we reached the underlying natural peaty-clays which clawed at boots, smeared across faces, hands and arms, and took a number of members of the team down to its level through slips, trips, tumbles and falls. Even now a few years later I can still remember the slurping, slopping, sticky, slumping, stoggy, slosh of the soil as it absorbed the blow of a swung mattock with muscle snagging bounce. For a dig run in late April we had good weather, the only rain coming from an abrupt shower after we had packed up our tools and headed for home. The heat saw most of our party shirtless or, 'taps aff' during de-turfing and backfill, and keen to make a dive into the deep and dark pools of the Alt na Muidhe burn.

Being in this landscape, digging the shielings and spending our evenings eating, drinking and merry opposite their shadows felt in a way like an act of repopulating this now empty glen. During the 18th century turfs were cut and stacked to build these shieling huts, and a taskscape developed from their occupation by the milkmaids. We too broke ground with spades and stacked these in walls for ease of re-turfing. In time we created our own rhythms within the landscape; mattock's thwack, and the crunch of a well landed shovel toss on tarp, the groans of arms heavy with laden buckets, the rattle of sieves, the thud thud thud of a level line being hammered past stony horizons, the twang of taught strings plucked by the line level, the scratch of pencil on drawing board and the high scrapping of trowels through stony soil. Our activities on the site allowed it to come alive again, at least for the short time in which we occupied it.

00591

00592

00593

00596

00595

00591
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 22/01/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
This is the base of a small bowl, approx. 3" across. Shows a spongeware pattern of a steam ship with sails. No mark underneath.

00592
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 29/01/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Base of a small bowl, 3" across. Spongeware pattern of a man on a bicycle. There is an indistinct mark underneath. Found close to a similar bowl base with a steamship pattern and on the same day!

00593
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 29/01/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
The underside of 00592.
A miscellaneous maker's mark.

00597

00595
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 29/01/2022

00596
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 29/01/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A horse's head. There appears also to be a sword, so possibly depicts a battle scene.

00597
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 29/01/2022

00600
Fragment Found by Pamela Campbell
Fragment Found in Portincaple, Loch Long, Scotland
Fragment Found on a lochside
Fragment Found on 19/02/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
I stumbled across this while examining pebbles along the shore of Loch Long. I have no idea about the pattern name or ID, but was excited as the pottery I usually come across is blank.

00600

00603

00604

00607

00617

00620

00609

00613

00603
Fragment Found by Lesley Fellows
Fragment Found in East Coast, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

00604
Fragment Found by Gill Odling
Fragment Found in Thruxton, Hampshire, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 15/11/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
We have recently dug some of our garden away to make a terrace and this was in the topsoil that came out. Our house was formerly a pub and has a lot of rubbish in the ground.

00607
Fragment Found by Mary Newstead
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found in a garden

00609
Fragment Found by Vivian deGeorges
Fragment Found in Leonard Stanley, Gloucestershire, England
Fragment Found in a lane
Comments/Information/Identification
Just walking along Gipsy Lane in the lovely village of Leonard Stanley on three separate vacations from the US, I would find sherds along the sides of the little Lane. I guess it was used for fill during the decades. Always such a treat to find a piece.

00613
Fragment Found by Vivian deGeorges
Fragment Found in Leonard Stanley, Gloucestershire, England
Fragment Found in a lane

00617
Fragment Found by Rebecca Henderson
Fragment Found in Strone, Argyll, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 21/02/2021

00620
Fragment Found by Lauren Hogg
Fragment Found in Wardie Bay, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 27/05/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
Spotted it in the surf and was drawn to the perfect framing of the door in the fragment. My favourite find.

00626

00633

00634

00636

00638

00626
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Gloucester, England
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 27/02/2021

00633
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 28/02/2021

00634
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Fife, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 23/05/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
The lettering at the top said “Cast Iron Bridge Over the Wear” and the word underneath is “Sunderland.” There were lots of variations and they were sold from 1820–1900.

00635

00635
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 22/02/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A toddy or punch bowl made by the David Methven Links Pottery which was in Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland. It is entitled “Caller Herrin.” The image depicts two fishwives with striped gowns and herrin’ pots on their backs. (c. 1880).

00636
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 26/07/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
I think it depicts a Victorian/Georgian Gentleman/Boy possibly looking over a garden wall? Or kissing a Lady in a crinoline dress?

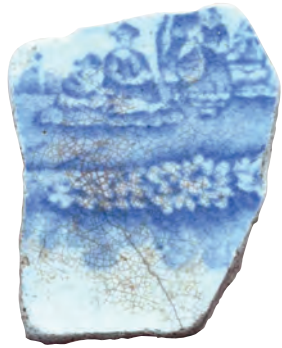
00639

00638
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 17/02/2022

00639
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 08/02/2022

00640

00640
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in North Queensferry, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 03/02/2022



00641

00648

00657

00661

00643

00641
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 23/01/2021

00643
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 15/10/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Always flip the seemingly plain pottery, I was about to walk over this lovely big piece of Willow.

00648
Fragment Found by Hope Smith
Fragment Found in St Andrews, Fife, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 24/05/2019

00657
Fragment Found by Hope Smith
Fragment Found in Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

00660

00660
Fragment Found by Kenny Louwen
Fragment Found in Gouda, Netherlands
Fragment Found on a construction site
Fragment Found on 01/01/1986
Comments/Information/Identification
I found this piece on a construction site that was right in front of the home where I lived with my parents in 1986. I was nine years old, but already deeply interested in archeology. Being from Gouda, I found tons of fragments of clay pipes, so this nicely decorated piece of pottery was most welcome.

00661
Fragment Found by Laura Smith-Riva
Fragment Found in Burlington, Vermont, USA
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 18/07/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Antique c. 1880's Staffordshire Alphabet ABC Calendar Months Clock Numbers Red Plate pottery shard, dug. This is an early red transfer-ware plate that features all kinds of learning tips for the children including the alphabet, the months, clock, and numbering which, based on research, would be from 1 to 52. It also would have a second hand display below the main hands showing ten second increments to 60 seconds. These were given to children as gifts.

00662

00663

00664

00665

00666

00662
Fragment Found by Thomas Bachrach
Fragment Found in Evershot,
Dorset, England
Fragment Found in a stream
Fragment Found on 09/03/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Text reads:...l. & sp... ...out my p... ...it well...

00663
Fragment Found by Sarah Duce
Fragment Found in Quidinish,
Isle of Harris, Scotland
Fragment Found in a vegetable patch
Fragment Found on 09/05/2019

00664
Fragment Found by Freya Piper
Fragment Found in Looe, Cornwall, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 09/05/2019
Comments/Information/Identification
My daughter Freya, wants to be an archaeologist and so is always looking for interesting things. She saw this old piece of pottery and thought it was beautiful.

00668

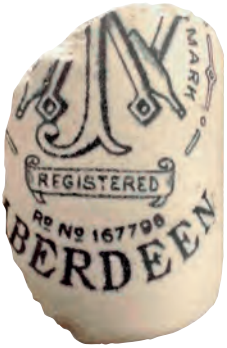
00665
Fragment Found by Jack Pearce
Fragment Found in Durham, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 09/05/2019
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in the River Wear, a fragment of a neo-medieval earthenware tile produced by Mintons in Stoke, designed by John Myor Smith which depicts the assassination of Edward the Martyr.

00666
Fragment Found by Louise Joly
Fragment Found in Stratford,
London, England
Fragment Found in an allotment
Comments/Information/Identification
Found about 10 years ago. Been trying to identify it for years and noticed it is very similar to fragment 00472. Looks like the base of a small cup or bowl.

00668
Fragment Found by Lisa Cormack
Fragment Found in Aberdeen, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

00670
Fragment Found by Lisa Cormack
Fragment Found in Aberdeen, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification
R. R. Shields violin resin made in Manchester. Users are recommended to use 'sparingly'. Dates from around 1880.

00670



00672

00673

00684

00685

00692

00675

00679

00672
Fragment Found by Lisa Cormack
Fragment Found in Aberdeen, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

00673
Fragment Found by Lisa Cormack
Fragment Found in Aberdeen, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

00675
Fragment Found by Lisa Cormack
Fragment Found in Aberdeen, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

00679
Fragment Found by Fiona Stephens
Fragment Found in Churchdown, Gloucestershire, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 12/05/2021

00684
Fragment Found by MC Piper
Fragment Found in Saint Louis, Missouri, USA
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 16/05/2018
Comments/Information/Identification
Digging to plant a lilac bush, about 6" into heavy clay soil. No houses were built here before ours.

00685
Fragment Found by Hope Nolan
Fragment Found in Hunstanton, Norfolk, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 14/05/2020

00686

00686
Fragment Found by Sarah Dougherty
Fragment Found in Ireland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/06/2001

00692
Fragment Found by Louise Heys
Fragment Found in Dunsop Bridge, Forest of Bowland, East Lancashire, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/03/2020

00696

00696
Fragment Found by Lori Fearn-Rouss
Fragment Found in Uxbridge, Ontario, Canada
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 11/03/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Our house is 144 years old, which is old in Canada! People burned their household garbage in the back yard until the 1950s or so. I have buckets of pottery from 27 years of gardening here. Every year brings something new to the surface.

00697

00706

00730

00731

00710

00735

00740

00697
Fragment Found by Catherine January
Fragment Found in Flintshire, North Wales, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 17/05/2019

00706
Fragment Found by Suzanne White
Fragment Found in Soberton, Hampshire, England
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 09/02/2022

00710
Fragment Found by Heidrun Schnoes
Fragment Found in Barnes, London, England
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 17/04/2019

00730
Fragment Found by Anne Hardy
Fragment Found in Isle of Sheppey, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 16/02/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Found whilst searching for sea glass. Identified as a fragment of a Fentiman's Direct Supply Co. LTD bottle circa 1959. The bottle states: "The content of this bottle is a brewed botanic beverage containing yeast"

00731
Fragment Found by Jess Williams
Fragment Found in Southwell, Nottinghamshire, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 05/03/2022

00735
Fragment Found by Mary Hutchison
Fragment Found in Restalrig, Edinburgh, Scotland
Fragment Found in an allotment
Fragment Found on 06/03/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A little helper found while digging over my new allotment. A toddy or punch bowl made by the David Methven Links Pottery which was in Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland. It is entitled "Caller Herrin." The image depicts two fish-wives with striped gowns and herrin' pots on their backs. (c. 1880).

00740
Fragment Found by Mary Hutchison
Fragment Found in Restalrig, Edinburgh, Scotland
Fragment Found in an allotment
Fragment Found on 21/03/2022

00741

00742

00751

00756

00757

00743

00749

00759

00761

00741
Fragment Found by Steve Clark
Fragment Found in Weir Quay, Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 26/03/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Military pattern, looks like a soldier in firing range. Could be linked to Plymouth Naval history or Tregantle Fort firing range (Rame Peninsula).

00742
Fragment Found by Kim Allwright
Fragment Found in Hereford, England
Fragment Found on a path

00743
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 30/03/2022
.

00749
Fragment Found by Pamela McIntyre
Fragment Found in Balevullin, Isle of Tiree, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 30/03/2022

00751
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Gloucester, England
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 31/03/2022

00756
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Gloucester, England
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 31/03/2022

00757
Fragment Found by Jen Walker
Fragment Found in Yorkshire Dales, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/04/2022

00759
Fragment Found by April Luo
Fragment Found in Gracemount Community Garden, Edinburgh, Scotland
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 12/04/2022

00761
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Hayle, Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 27/03/2022

00771

00774

00780

00775

00779

00781

00771
Fragment Found by Reports from Luke
Fragment Found in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, USA
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 04/04/2022

00774
Fragment Found by Anna Borzello
Fragment Found in Essex, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 13/04/2022

00775
Fragment Found by Jess McIntosh
Fragment Found in Barnwell, England
Fragment Found in a brook
Fragment Found on 13/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
This sherd depicts the Winged Lion of Venice, an ancient bronze sculpture of a winged lion in the Piazza San Marco of Venice, Italy, which came to symbolise the city – as well as one of its patron saints, St Mark – after its arrival there in the 12th century.

00779
Fragment Found by Ella Mackay
Fragment Found in Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 10/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on a steep banking at the side of the footpath along the River Kelvin. We have walked there often but never seen fragments before. This was the first one I overturned, almost all of the others were blank so it was a lucky find.

00780
Fragment Found by Ella Mackay
Fragment Found in Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a construction site
Fragment Found on 26/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
An unexpected find spotted while walking past a building site. The building, formerly James Scott Electrical Engineers head office, had been demolished a few years ago and is now fenced off around the perimeter. We spotted it from a distance and used a stick to bring it within reach through the fence. We think the pattern shows London.

00781
Fragment Found by Leslie Johnson
Fragment Found in Unst, Shetland, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification
It was found 45 years ago by my neighbour when she was a little girl. Given the thickness of the piece it is probably a tile. The skeleton could be a depiction of death. The figure appears to be sitting on top of something, perhaps on horseback.

Making

History

Eva Jack

Eva Jack is an artist and educator based in Glasgow, UK. Her artistic practice centres around walking, collecting, and archiving, which led her to create *Fragment Found*.

Making History – Part I

My grandpa collects things and so do I. I visit him at home, where he is surrounded by his *things*. He shuffles towards the television but doesn't switch it on. Opting for a better form of entertainment, he opens the cabinet beside it and begins rummaging. He pulls things out and narrates as he goes; a piece of shrapnel picked up off the street in London when he was a boy; a clay pipe with the Red Hand of Ulster unearthed by my Grandma while gardening. He shows me a little plaque with his parents' names on from the front door of their first house. Each object he pulls out is a link to a person, place or event. A small leather purse slips from his grasp sending a flurry of my mum and aunt's baby teeth across the carpet. As I bend down to gather them up, I am struck by how strange it is to touch these little remnants of their past selves that have borne witness to versions of them I have never known.

Most of Grandpa's collection isn't family heirlooms but antiques and curiosities he's purchased at shops and fairs throughout the decades and more recently on what he calls, *the machine* (the computer and more specifically, eBay), which itself has become a new kind of treasure hunt for him.

He goes upstairs to a room which is dedicated entirely to storing and admiring the things he has collected. A few minutes later he returns with a wooden box in shaky hands. Inside are a selection of about 15 different medals, ready to flaunt. He lifts them in turn from their velvet bed and places them into my palms, awakening stories of what they are and where they come from. They are different sizes, weights and metals, and all have different designs. One of them has an incredibly ornate Art Deco floral and figurative composition, appreciated best at close range to the eye. They are beautifully made, but what really stands out is the not-so-beautiful one; the misfit. It is rough, blackened, and unlike the others is not perfectly round. "That's a Billy and Charley Pilgrims Badge, that one, if you know what that is?" Grandpa said proudly. I didn't know, and so the story unfurled. As I was leaving the house that

day he handed me a few A4 pages of printed notes for me to read on the train home from when he did a talk about them at an Antiquarian Society meeting some time ago.

Billy and Charley (William Smith b. unknown and Charles Eaton b.1834) were labourers – known as shore rakers – who excavated and built the Shadwell Docks in East London. Their work was physical and badly paid and so like many poor Victorians they turned to mudlarking to supplement their income – scouring the Thames riverbed for anything that could be of value. In 1857 a vision for greater earnings came to them and from within a property on Rosemary Lane the duo

established a secretive workshop in which they fabricated thousands of pseudo-artefacts. The pair were not craftspeople, but taught themselves to make molds by carving blocks of plaster with the crude tools that were available to them, chiefly nails and knives. Cast in pewter, they produced a range of items: small statuettes of saints, knights, bishops and other characters, but became most known for their Medieval-style pilgrims badges – decorative souvenirs purchased and worn by those who had visited holy sites. To position their artefacts in the past, Billy and Charley inscribed in arabic numerals dates between the 11th and 16th Century on their creations. Little did they know, Arabic numerals (the number symbols we still use today) did not come into use in Britain until the 15th century. The final step of the process was to bathe the objects in acid and soak them in river mud to add centuries to their appearance. Billy and Charley were making a living by making history.

Antique dealers were soon taken in by the duo's so-called *finds*, remarking that they had never seen anything quite like them before. One dealer who was particularly taken in was Charles Roach-Smith (1807–90), a man fascinated by the way in which the construction of new roads, buildings and sewers was revealing hidden histories from beneath the earth. He hired workers to scour sites under development for objects of interest and soon accumulated a collection vast enough to establish his own private 'Museum of London Antiquites'. What particularly intrigued Roach-Smith about Billy and Charley's wares were the inscriptions on the badges which appeared to him to be examples of a lesser-known, early form of the English language. Little did he know, the letters were a meaningless assortment of makeshift symbols invented out of necessity as both Billy and Charley's were illiterate.

After one year and an estimated 12000 artefacts later, the sudden appearance of so many artefacts of a type hitherto unknown began to arouse suspicion. Despite having previously been a collector and buyer of *Billy and Charley's*, Henry Syer Cuming, who was at

the time secretary of the British Archaeological Association, published a claim in the *Gentleman's Magazine (1858)* that the items were forgeries and thus practically worthless, comparing their actual worth to that of children's toys. This article spurred another Billy and Charley collector, George Eastwood, to attempt to sue the publication for libel at their suggestion that he was buying and selling fakes. Both Eastwood and Roach-Smith were staunch believers in the authenticity of their purchases despite the mounting opposition that now included representatives from the British Museum. The dispute, known now as the Shadwell Shams was taken to court but the judge concluded there was too little evidence to prove that Billy and Charley had made the artefacts and so the duo were free to continue with their enterprise.

Dissatisfied with the outcome, Cuming hired a local sewer hunter to watch over Billy and Charley as they worked at the docks to confirm his suspicions. The man employed watched the pair return from their excursions empty handed day after day. Eventually he managed to befriend the duo, gaining access to their workshop where he not only caught a glimpse of the fabrication but returned with solid evidence in the form of a tool and a mold. The sewer hunter also discovered that despite their illiteracy the pair had been using one of Roach Smith's books for reference. The pair later confessed to using the illustrations from *Collectanea Antiqua, vol 2 (1861)* as reference for their own handiwork. For reasons unknown Eastwood did not seek legal further action. Perhaps proving to himself that he was right was enough. Charles Roach Smith, on the other hand remained unconvinced but his retirement from public life and omitting all mention of his collection of Billy and Charley's erased any association with the pair from his own personal history.

Regardless of their exposure as fraudsters, Billy and Charley continued to make and sell their wares, and are rumoured to have reinvented themselves under new identities. While Charley is known to have died of

tuberculosis in 1870, Billy Smith disappeared from historical records after 1872. Yet their legacy endures, inviting reflection on what constitutes value and how it shifts over time. Interestingly there are rumors of modern-day versions of Billy and Charley's badges circulating today – fakes of fakes, each with its own twisted narrative.

Despite the controversy surrounding them, Billy and Charley's pilgrims' badges can be seen in various museums and are coveted by collectors. Made over 150 years ago, the pilgrims' badges now qualify as antiques but it is not their age that is cherished so much as the story behind them that provides a direct and tantalising connection to the two mudlarks who made them. When my grandpa bought his first Billy and Charley about 20 years ago from an antiques shop in Inverleith, the dealer, unaware of the badge's origin, was stunned when my grandpa shared the story of its makers. He believes that revealing its provenance may have cost him a bargain – after all, the value lies in the story.

Making History – Part II

I don't collect anything worth selling and nothing I collect is bought, only found. There's joy in knowing that my object's worth lies solely in my gaze. As I trudge the fields I am constantly assessing the value of the things I come across. I look for glints of white as I sift through the vast brown expanse. The ground is strewn with decoys*; bird shit, feathers, scraps of paper and plastic scraps which serve as reminders that my quest is for detritus, but only the old stuff. Blank bits get thrown back. Blue and white sherds, especially of the ubiquitous Blue Willow, also get chucked nowadays as their familiarity dulls their allure, and I have gathered more than enough. Much more often than not the sherds lie face down which reminds me of the buttered toast phenomenon. The moment of turning them over is where the thrill lies, the hope that when you turn it over it's something 'good'. A couple of harvests ago, my Dad fashioned a tool to aid in my search: a fork from the kitchen

* see page 100

drawer taped to a bamboo cane which allowed me to flip the fragments without bending down to meet the disappointment of an unworthy piece. As much as I was charmed by the *Fragment Flipper* as an object I find myself philosophically at odds with the idea of streamlining a pursuit that – for me at least – is about slowing down, not speeding up. Each step through the fields is marked by the weight of claggy mud on my boots, which makes walking a laborious endeavor. The ankle-twisting ruts carved by tractors and the dull ache in the nub at the top of my spine from my hunched posture are reminders of the physical toll of my quest. It is this discomfort that sharpens my awareness of my own body and its interaction with the landscape. In this act of slow searching, I am tethered to the here and now and what's within arms reach.

I relish the sensation of my thumb gliding through the mud and over the glaze of a sherd, watching as the earth makes way to reveal a hidden pattern beneath. What emerged this time promised something special. Unlike the common blue-and-white bits, this fragment wore a rare plum-coloured design – that in itself added value. The sherd, no larger than a 20p coin, depicted a landscape: in the distance, a church spire; to the left, a proud stag; and in the foreground, an outstretched hand

cradling a basket, the contents of which was too small to distinguish. The depth and shading are rendered with exquisite care, so many tiny dots created by hand, each mark painstakingly engraved onto a copper plate before being transferred onto the ceramic – a craft now teetering on the brink of extinction. Fragments like these are the most interesting, where there's just enough of the image to be interesting but not enough to know what it is, leaving room for the imagination to do its work.

Not content with dreaming up the remainder of the image from which this sherd was from, I set out to uncover the rest of the pattern. I posted a picture on a Facebook group – a place where people compare their finds and flex their knowledge – asking if anyone knew anything about it. Sure enough, a couple of hours later I received a comment that read: "This is Victorian Transferware recalling the Great Chesterfield Potato Disaster of 1827, which was an unprecedented tragedy affecting so many that the story was depicted on crockery so that future generations would never forget the scale of the event. The irony of course is that now hardly anyone remembers the Great Chesterfield Potato Disaster and people walk around Chesterfield as if nothing happened." This comment was followed by another, "that's why the spire is squint", in reference to the town's famous 228-foot-high lead and wood spire which is visibly twisted as a result of the south side of the tower heating up faster and causing the lead to expand and contort unevenly (though some choose to blame the unskilled workforce or the devil). Looking at the image on the fragment again, I suppose it did look slightly squint but I never would have noticed had it not been pointed out. I would do some research on the history later that evening. Of course *later that evening* became months down the line, as it so often does. In the meantime I had been smugly telling people (that would listen) about my highly unusual find.

Chesterfield Potato Disaster. Search. Top hit: Chesterfield Potato Day. No mention of a disaster though. Rather a pleasant sounding day where locals

could buy "a number of different varieties of premium Scottish seed potatoes plus onion sets, shallots, garlic bulbs, and many different varieties of pea and bean seeds." *Back to search results.* A page about local history and the potato famine. That's more like it. Not about a disaster happening in Chesterfield though, rather people fleeing the hardship faced in Ireland for refuge in Chesterfield. *Continue scrolling. Baked Potatoes delivered in Chesterfield.* No. *Next.* A scathing one star review of a local pub titled *"Boxing Day Disaster"* in which the complainant writes *"no potato on the plate but later they gave us some instant smash which smelled like old boots".* A potato related disaster in Chesterfield, yes, but 92 years too late. In and out I dipped from one irrelevant web article to the next, unable to find what I was looking for. *Potato transferware pottery. Search. Chesterfield pottery. Search. Chesterfield disasters. Search. What was happening in Chesterfield in 1827. Search. Chesterfield potatoes. Search. Chesterfield famine. Search again. Potato Plate.*

Nothing brought me any closer, besides learning that pottery dedicated to disasters was actually fairly common. Commemorative pottery was not only reserved for coronations and jubilees as I had previously thought. During my search I came across some touching examples including pottery to commemorate an earthquake in 1692, the Sheffield floods in 1864, the collapse of Widdicombe Bridge in 1877, the sinking of the Titanic in 1912 and an explosion in a Welsh coal mine in 1913. I imagined the Potato Disaster of 1827 could quite fittingly join that list, reinforcing the plausibility of my find's existence. *Disaster ware* as it is also known, was produced to have effect across two timescales. Firstly raising funds for the victims and their families, and secondly immortalising the events and cementing them into the collective memory. The longevity of ceramic lends itself well to this purpose, after all my sherd could have been lying in that field for a couple of hundred years. The person who told me about the Potato Disaster had specifically remarked that very few people remember the event, but could it have been so widely forgotten that it was erased

from history altogether? Could my tiny sherd be the last remaining piece of evidence?

The mystery of this story sat with me for a long time. I revisited the post to double check the details, maybe I had misread something. I re-read it and had all the correct information but what I did notice was that the comment now had 17 'reactions', six of which were laughing emojis as well as a reply to the initial comment that read, "I must subscribe to your history classes", followed by another laughing emoji. It was at that moment it dawned on me that there was a joke at play and I was at the butt of it. Those little yellow cartoon faces with their grinning mouths and tears pouring from the eyes taunted me. The Chesterfield Potato Disaster hadn't been forgotten. It had never happened.

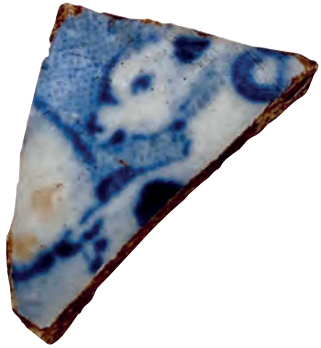
When defending the authenticity of the pilgrim's badges they had bought, the antique dealers (Roach-Smith, among others) said that they couldn't possibly be forgeries because they were far too original. My thoughts were paralleled, surely someone couldn't have made this up? The Chesterfield Potato Disaster was much too imaginative and its delivery seemed so sincere. I was torn between disbelief and embarrassment. My instinct told me to delete the post and pretend it hadn't happened but I decided to leave it up. There was something I liked about someone writing history, probably because it reminded me of Billy and Charley's work.

Since I was a child I have always had the hope – or rather belief – that I would find something of great importance or value. In reality I wouldn't know if I did or not. You need to know what you're looking for. When I walk the fields searching for fragments of pottery and whatever else might catch my eye there is often an impulse to try and identify or to have solid evidence of the object's origins. However I feel the biggest joy comes from not knowing, and leaving reconstruction to the imagination. I still have no idea where or what my tiny potato sherd comes from but I've finally stopped trying to find out.

1 12 4 8 2 3 9 5 6 11 10 7

A collection of decoy pottery sherds, picked up anyway.

1 card with printed text
2 paper with printed black block
3 hard plastic with printed green blocks
4 thin plastic with measurements
5 sweet wrapper
6 paper clock face
7 handwritten note
8 interior of an envelope
9 shopping list
10 foodcontainer
11 checkered hard plastic
12 barcode printed on paper

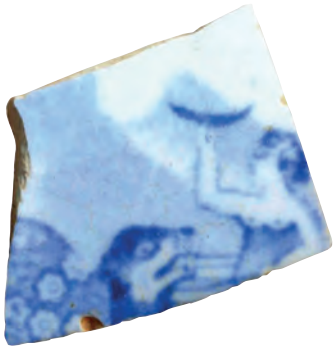


00782

00783

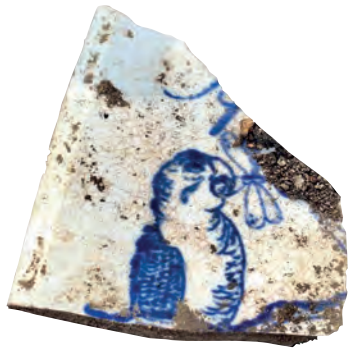
00785

00786



00784

00789



00788

00782
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Camborne, Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 18/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Tiny sherd, I think it's a dog.

00783
Fragment Found by Rita Rogers
Fragment Found in St Clement, Jersey, Channel Islands
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 01/04/2019

00784
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 19/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Think it might be Diana, Goddess of the hunt, wild animals, fertility, and the Moon.

00785
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 22/04/2022

00786
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 27/04/2022

00788
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found on a field
Fragment Found on 02/05/2022

00789
Fragment Found by Kathryn Parsons
Fragment Found in Cromarty, Highland, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 02/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A registration mark used to confirm that a design has been registered in Britain. The numbers and letters within the diamond are coded to show the day, month and year that the item was made as well as the material (top). This particular fragment is made from Earthenware (IV) and was registered on 14th of October 1844. This date corresponds to a design by Copeland & Barrett.

00791

00792

00794

00800

00793

00799

00801

00791
Fragment Found by Kristina Kapciukaite
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 10/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification Antique White Ironstone China J & G Meakin Hanley, England. Meakin was an English pottery manufacturing company founded in 1851 and based in Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire. On this pottery shard is Royal Arms with the lion rampant circa 1890+.

00792
Fragment Found by Kristina Kapciukaite
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 30/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Happy family!

00793
Fragment Found by Parslow Heritage Consultancy
Fragment Found in Ontario, Canada
Fragment Found in a historic house
Fragment Found on 30/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
These fragments were found during an archaeological excavation in Ontario, Canada. Part of a lovely 19th c. Children's plate. We haven't been able to find a matching intact example, but we were lucky enough to find enough pieces to re-unite this little lady with her precious puppy!

00794
Fragment Found by Nick Collins
Fragment Found in Newport,
Isle of Wight, England
Fragment Found in a historic tip
Fragment Found on 11/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification From the pieces that were with it, it appeared to be a shallow sided rectangular baking dish. It was obviously an advertising piece for Parnell & Sons so it may have come from a grocery shop I'm thinking.

00799
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 07/06/2022

00800
Fragment Found by Kristina Kapciukaite
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 06/06/2022

00801
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 07/06/2022

00803

00810

00814

00815

00840

00842

00803
Fragment Found by Kristina Kapciukaite
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 16/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
This pottery shard I would definitely call “The tree of life”. A piece of ‘seaweed’ or ‘fibre’ pattern.

00810
Fragment Found by Fio Modolo
Fragment Found in Wardie Bay, Edinburgh, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 06/09/2021

00814
Fragment Found by Rita Rodgers
Fragment Found in Jersey, Channel Islands
Fragment Found on a beach

00815
Fragment Found by Rita Rodgers
Fragment Found in Jersey, Channel Islands
Fragment Found on a beach

00819

00819
Fragment Found by Emma Traylor
Fragment Found in Largs, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 20/04/2022

00840
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 19/03/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A bowl base in the Tamerlane pattern by the J & MP Bell pottery, Glasgow.

00842
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 19/03/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A piece from a nursery plate with a section of rhyme.

00844
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Inverclyde, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 30/04/2022

00844

00845

00865

00869

00872

00852

00845
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Inverclyde, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 30/04/2022

00852
Fragment Found by Kim Allwright
Fragment Found in Hereford, England
Fragment Found in a field
Comments/Information/Identification Fragment from a Quaker Oats bowl.

00865
Fragment Found by Faith Wardle
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 07/05/2022

00869
Fragment Found by Alison McNamara
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 02/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Found at low tide. From a child's plate called 'Going for a Ride' which shows a boy riding a large dog, possibly a Newfoundland. The piece was made by Barker and Son Staffordshire, England 1850. This particular sherd has unusual hand painted colours as well as the transfer print.

00872
Fragment Found by Lesley Spagenberg
Fragment Found in North East, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 08/05/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Found beachcombing. I tried to find some information on this piece to no avail.

00881

00881
Fragment Found by Carla Sutton
Fragment Found in Crosby, Merseyside, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 27/02/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Victorian era pearlware alphabet plate with the phrase "Pretty Poll hold down your head! And you'll get this piece of bread." The central transfer shows two young boys feeding their dog for tricks while enticing a parrot, a pretty poll, with a piece of bread.

00882

00882
Fragment Found by Carla Sutton
Fragment Found in Egremont Ferry, Wirral, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 19/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Egremont Ferry is on the River Mersey but still has the sea tide moving the waters. Likely part of a stoneware bottle containing some kind of liquid.

00885

00888

00889

00893

00885
Fragment Found by Clare Valentine
Fragment Found in Coleshill, Warwickshire, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 03/04/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Found buried in the ground whilst metal detecting.

00888
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 07/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Perhaps from a nursery plate – Jack & Jill? Or possibly a policeman's helmet rather than a bucket!

00889
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 07/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification Perhaps a bather/seaside scene?

00890
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 07/05/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
From a mug manufactured by Maling, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. The original engravings were designed by Robert Maling between 1830–1840. The back of each mug is a banner reading "Poor Richard's Way To Wealth" which is from one of Benjamin Franklin's famous maxims. Father Abraham can be seen on his soapbox departing his wisdom on the left. The mug dates from c. 1950s.

00890

00893
Fragment Found by Faith Wardle
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 29/05/2022

00898
Fragment Found by Kristina Kapciukaite
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 08/08/2022

00900
Fragment Found by Lisette Goddard
Fragment Found in Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a stream
Fragment Found on 04/11/2021

00898

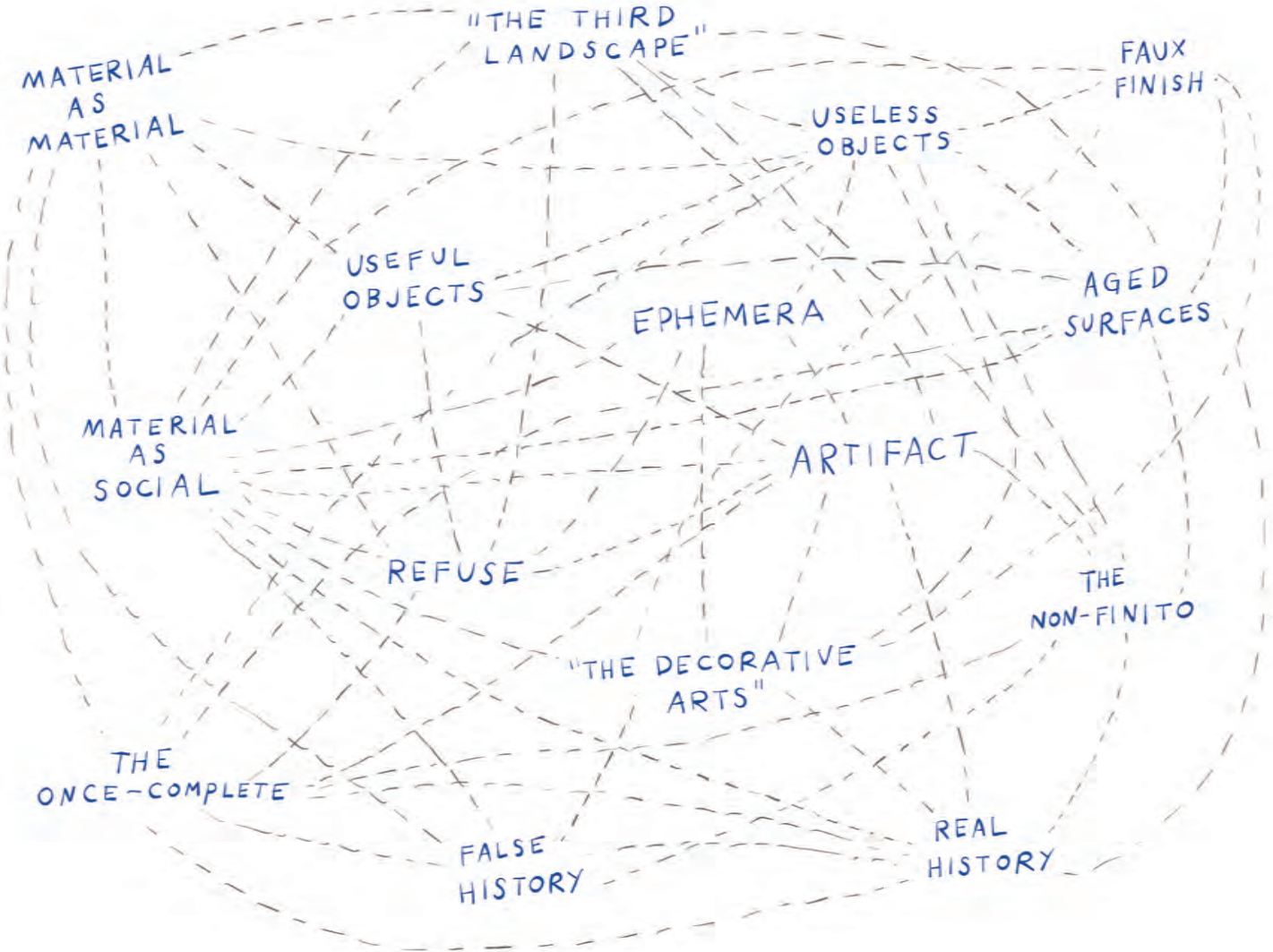
00900

Untitled

(Artefact Diagram)

Zach Ozma

Zach Ozma is an interdisciplinary artist and published author based in Philadelphia, USA. He holds a BFA in Community Arts from California College of the Arts.


"THE THIRD LANDSCAPE"
MATERIAL AS MATERIAL
FAUX FINISH
USELESS OBJECTS
USEFUL OBJECTS
EPHEMERA
AGED SURFACES
MATERIAL AS SOCIAL
ARTIFACT
REFUSE
THE NON-FINITO
"THE DECORATIVE ARTS"
THE ONCE-COMPLETE
FALSE HISTORY
REAL HISTORY

My work treats all human detritus as treasured artefact. This diagram is an iteration of an artist statement for my ongoing body of sculpture work. My project centres on Darby Creek in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, USA. Darby Creek is one of the earliest sites of colonisation in the area. The waters have been littered and dumped ever since; a living record of violence and exploitation. The gardener and theorist Gilles Clément describes 'the third landscape', not an untouched reserve or an active human settlement, but a wasteland once extracted from and now abandoned. The banks of the Darby archive the forgotten, the incomplete, the recordless, the missing, the excluded, the expunged. For the past four years I've been collecting ceramic sherds and other detritus from the creek.* I'm drawn to these informal artefacts of life and industry. Ceramics, my primary medium, is inherently connected to resource extraction, labor, and waste. Everything human made is future trash or future artefact. In this Mark Lombardi-esque diagram I chart concepts and categories that complicate the meaning and value of these objects.

*see pages 208–213.

00901

00905

00906

00908

00903

00904

00909

00911

00901
Fragment Found by Scott Hanson
Fragment Found in Topsham, Maine, USA
Fragment Found in a garden
Fragment Found on 27/05/2022

00903
Fragment Found by Ross Cameron
Fragment Found in Tallinn, Estonia
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 03/07/2022

00904
Fragment Found by Keeley Hogg
Fragment Found in Vis Island, Croatia
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 01/01/2015

00905
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a field

00906
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Falmouth, England
Fragment Found in an estuary

00908
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a field

00909
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a field

00911
Fragment Found by Clare Valentine
Fragment Found in West Midlands, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 12/06/2022

00914

00920

00922

00927

00913

00921

00932

00913
Fragment Found by Lyle Nash
Fragment Found in Glyndon, Maryland, USA
Fragment Found in a ditch on the side of the road
Fragment Found on 19/06/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
It's from a gully near one of the grand old houses in the Maryland horse country.

00914
Fragment Found by Daniel Turner
Fragment Found in Watford, Hertfordshire, England
Fragment Found in a park
Fragment Found on 30/06/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
The pathways in Cassiobury park have recently been upgraded and amongst the upturned soil I found this walking past.

00920
Fragment Found by Katie Rose Johnston
Fragment Found in Flatanger, Norway
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 30/06/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
We found this little fragment on a beach in Flatanger, Norway as the rain was coming in. Originally looking for oyster and mussel shells, this little fragment was face-down in the sand between the rocks and upon turning it over we found the tiniest of flowers printed on it.

00921
Fragment Found by Alison Smith
Fragment Found in Portishead, Somerset, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 12/07/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Broken just in the right place.

00922
Fragment Found by Paul
Fragment Found in North Cray, Kent, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 16/07/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Burgess 'Anchovy Paste' pot lid c. 1901.

00927
Fragment Found by Faith Wardle
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 21/08/2022

00932
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Cornwall, England
Fragment Found on 06/10/2022

00934

00936

00949

00937

00939

00938

00934
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 10/09/2022

00936
Fragment Found by Lisa Wilson
Fragment Found in Auckland, New Zealand
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 04/09/2022
Comments/Information/Identification An-other piece of the Wedgwood 'Health' series dinner set, likely a serving dish.

00937
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 24/08/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Found by my husband. I now have quite a set of these bowl bases, all found on the same stretch of coast – an animal set and a transport set. Some, but not all, have the same strange mark on the reverse. Spongeware was rarely marked.

00938
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 24/08/2022

00939
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 24/08/2022

00949
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found in a beach
Fragment Found on 08/08/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A cherub with a bow and arrow from the rim of a 'Ashet Triumphal Car' patterned J & M.P Bell platter. Made in Glasgow, c.1850.

00950

00954

00956

00961

00965

00974

00960

00950
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 10/06/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Love the detail on this piece, the tiny figures in the foreground boat, the lifeboats hanging on the ship behind. What was the occasion, I wonder?

00954
Fragment Found by Francesca
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 16/09/2022

00956
Fragment Found by Francesca
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 16/09/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Schweppes branded version of the popular Blue Willow pattern. Schweppe founded the Schweppes Company in Geneva, Switzerland in 1783 to sell carbonated water. In 1792, he moved to London to develop the business there.

00960
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 27/06/2022

00961
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 27/06/2022

00963

00963
Fragment Found by Claire Tuck
Fragment Found in Fife, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

00965
Fragment Found in Longniddry, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 01/07/2022

00976

00974
Fragment Found in Carrick Shore, Dumfries and Galloway, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 01/07/2022

00976
Fragment Found in Southerness, Dumfries and Galloway, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 01/07/2022

00988

00990

00995

00996

00988
Fragment Found by Beth Rawson
Fragment Found in Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England
Fragment Found in a carpark
Fragment Found on 02/12/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in a bit of scrubland to the side of the car park at Burton Hospital, which was formerly a workhouse. In 1880, Belvedere workhouse was extended to house 550 inmates. There were a range of buildings including a school, an infirmary and a mortuary as well as two segregated areas for males and females.

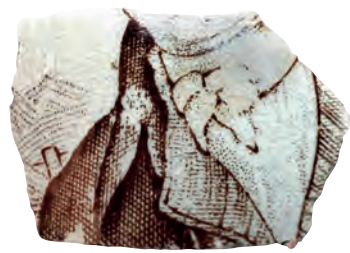
00991

00990
Fragment Found by Beth Rawson
Fragment Found in Derby, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 03/12/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in the river Derwent. It's a 19th century sherd from a poschetzau czech porcelain plate by J.S. Maier.

00991
Fragment Found by Beth Rawson
Fragment Found in Derby, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 13/05/2022

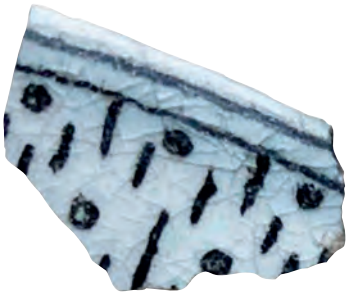
00995
Fragment Found by Carla Sutton
Fragment Found in Morfa Conwy, Wales
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 17/09/2022

00996
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Mount Stuart, Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found in a woodland
Fragment Found on 02/01/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Found in the grounds of Mount Stuart, a country house built in the Gothic Revival style and the ancestral home of the marquesses of Bute.



00997

00997
Fragment Found by Louise Nolan
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found in a beach
Fragment Found on 25/12/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
A section of the poet Robert Burns' (1759–1796) neck and his characteristic cravat from a commemorative ware produced by McNay's pottery, Bo'ness (c.1896).



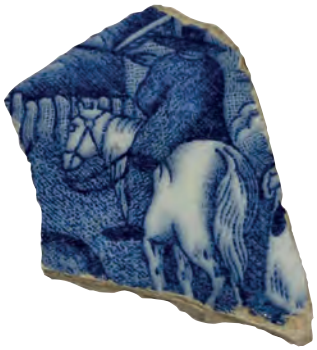
01000

01007

01006

01011

01013



01005

01008

01017

01000
Fragment Found by Mary Hutchison
Fragment Found in Restalrig, Edinburgh, Scotland
Fragment Found in an allotment
Comments/Information/Identification
Found while digging my new allotment.

01005
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a field

01006, 01007
Fragment Found by Sarah Innes
Fragment Found in Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a field
Comments/Information/Identification
The field I usually dig about in has a crop of wheat in it at the moment so I'm contenting myself with looking at old finds. This is one of my favourites. I found it when I was a kid on a beach on the west coast of Scotland. It has always intrigued me as it portrays an artist's hand at an easel on one side and some French script on the reverse, which I can't make sense of. What does it all mean? I wonder what the original intact piece looked like?

01008
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Gloucester, England
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 15/02/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Sherd from a piece of Great Western Railway monogrammed crockery that reads 'Return to Paddington Station'. GWR, like other companies, had its own range of crockery used within the train's dining carriages, at station restaurants and from platform trolleys. 75000 pieces of crockery were stored underground, beneath the platforms, at Paddington Station

01011
Fragment Found by Tanya Feasey
Fragment Found in Gloucester, England
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 15/02/2023

01013
Fragment Found by Bryony Sidwell
Fragment Found in Spondon, Derby, England
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 24/02/2023

01017
Fragment Found in Scalpsie Bay, Isle of Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification I can't take any credit for finding. I was staying in an airbnb in Bute where the host had jars full of locally collected sherds.

01019

01022

01025

01029

01021

01028

01030

01019, 01021, 01022, 01025
Fragment Found in Scalpsie Bay, Isle of Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification
I can't take any credit for finding. I was staying in an airbnb in Bute where the host had jars full of locally collected sherds.

01028
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port of Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on 05/02/2023

01029
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port of Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on 05/02/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Greek-style border pattern.

01030
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port of Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on 07/02/2023

Boodie Ware

Lally Macbeth

Lally MacBeth is an artist, curator and writer, based in Cornwall, UK. She is the founder of the Folk Archive, co-founder of Stone Club and author of The Lost Folk.

On the shelf of my mum's hall cabinet sits a curious object; tiny patterned fragments of pottery grouted onto a plate. The grout is brown with flecks of gold paint, only visible when the object is held up to the light. We found the plate on a trip together to Totnes. It was displayed in the window of a jumbled antique shop, and as soon as we saw it we exclaimed almost in unison: "It's a Boodie ware plate!" My mum quickly went inside to secure it and off we trotted with our Boodie booty.

I saw my first piece of Boodie ware at the Tate's British Folk Art exhibition in 2014. The plate in question had been borrowed from Beamish Museum, and still

resides in their collection. It is a wonderful example of Boodie ware, with a small ceramic figure wearing a bonnet stuck into the centre and I was instantly gripped by this strange craft. There was a poignancy to these carefully selected fragments, arranged seemingly at random but evidently with such intense care.

You might ask, what exactly is a Boodie ware plate? And indeed, what is Boodie? In order to answer this I must take you back to a mysterious craze that rippled through Victorian Britain during the 1880s. In grand houses across the country maids and serving staff were busy 'accidentally' smashing plates, cups, jugs and any other ceramics they could get their hands on, in the hope that they could hoover up some of the shards to take back to their living quarters. The same people would also scour rubbish heaps and dumps for ceramic remnants. Once they had safely stowed their finds beneath their beds, under the guise of candlelight they would adhere them to cheap tin or ceramic plates. The craft is now known as Boodie Ware, also called Boodyware or Boudyware, and is a term borrowed from the North East of England that refers to a piece of broken pot. This name Boodie seems to be a newer addition, not coming into use until the early 20th century. In Victorian Britain the pieces were known as crazy china, mosaic or memory ware.

What I hadn't known on my first encounter with the technique was how the shards were adhered to the plates. My discovery of how the technique came through reading an 1895 article published in 'The Girl's Own Paper' called *Crazy China, what it is and how to make it.* In it the writer Dora de Blaquière asserts that, 'the articles are embedded in putty'[1]. On close inspection of the Totnes Boodie ware plate it transpired that the shards were indeed affixed using linseed window putty. The perfect substance! Thick enough to allow the pieces to be pushed in and incredibly slow drying meaning there was plenty of time to amass and add to the collection of fragments. The helpful thing about linseed putty is that it was readily available and could be snaffled up in

1 De Blaquière, D (1895). "Crazy China" What it is and how to make it, *The Girl's Own Paper,* Vol XVI, No 810, July 6th, pg 636–637

much the same way that the ceramics shards were; a small slither taken here or there from a window frame, mostly unnoticed. An 1894 article from the Pottery Gazette goes further into explaining the process, detailing how the cook of one house utilises the saucepans for boiling up linseed oil: 'Somebody told her that boiling linseed oil is the only thing that softens the putty'[2].

2 (1894). The Crazy China Mania, *The Pottery Gazette*, November 1st, pg 6

The craze for decorating with shards was by no means confined to Britain, and examples of the process crop up across Europe as Trencadís as utilised by Antoni Gaudí and Josep Maria Jujol at Parc Güell in Barcelona, or Pique Assiette, most famously used as the decorative technique at The Pique Assiette House in Chartres, France created by Raymond Isidore in the early 1930s. Both techniques overlap in technique with Boodie Ware, with all of them using shards of seemingly randomly selected ceramics to create a larger vivid pattern.

In America the craft takes a different form in vessels decorated with shards. These are known under a number of names including memory, forget-me-not, or ugly jugs; or as mourning, spirit, whatnot, or whimsy jars. They all take the form of jugs or liquid carrying devices, usually cider flagons or glass bottles, and they are all heavily encrusted with not only china fragments but also buttons, broken jewellery, beads, dolls, shells, money and other small treasures. Like with Boodie ware plates, all of the objects are pressed into putty and then partially gilded with gold. There is much dispute over what or why the craft takes this form but it's mostly agreed that they often represent a memorialisation of a particular person after their death. The objects create an intimate display of small trinkets that the deceased would have treasured throughout their life. The maker of the memory jug would collect the objects together in one place in order to create a new sentimental object for the living to remember the dead. The theory of the memory jug as a memorial is furthered by the use of framed photographs embedded in amongst the other objects. A jug held by the Smithsonian Collection features a photograph and lettered beads that spell out, presumably, the deceased's

name, 'Adams'. In his essay, *Memory Vessels: Folk Art with a Compelling International Origin,* John-Duane Kingsley states that this particular jug represents 'a scrapbook of the individual's life'[3]. Kingsley goes on to make a connection between the memory jug and the grave goods of the Bankongo people of Central and Western Africa, where jugs and other vessel-like objects are placed on graves in order to help the transition of the dead to the afterlife. The vessel itself acts as a home for the spirit.

3 Kingsley, J-D (2021), Memory Vessels: Folk Art with a Compelling International Origin, June 4th, available from: https://decorativeartstrust.org/memory-vessels-post/

The use of ceramic fragments as grave markers is a widespread practice across the world with significant objects from an individual's life often used as a way of decorating the grave plot and memorialising the person. In the graveyard of the All Saints Centre in Lewes, East Sussex there is column that acts as a grave marker decorated with mosaic shards, likewise a gravestone much further away in Isanti, Minnesota dating from 1919 has a patchwork of coloured stones and quartz decorating it and at a tomb in Kitayama, Sendai in Japan blue and white ceramic shards and pebbles have been employed to embellish the entrance. At St Manchan's Well, Leamanaghan, Co.Offaly, in the Republic of Ireland, not only do the graves have offerings of rosaries left at them for the dead but the well itself also acts as a memorial for the living. A place to manifest hope for the future and for the well to help the ill. Clooties[4] are tied to the overhanging tree alongside shoes, photographs, necklaces, ribbons, saint cards and dolls. This is repeated at wells across the Celtic regions, perhaps most notably at Madron Well in Cornwall and Munlochy Clootie Well in Scotland, with the surrounding trees and branches acting as living memory vessels. The belief being that when the fabric or object rots away the ailment or weakness of the owner of the fragment will also have faded away.

4 Rags of fabric

As well as acting as vestibules for memorialisation, fragments can also act as souvenirs, and this perhaps offers us a more useful explanation for why the servants of Victorian Britain took to collecting up broken shards as ways of remembering, or venerating parts of their

lives. Why would you want to remember the monotony? Soup tureens, saucers, dinner plates and gravy boats that were carried back and forth from kitchen to dining room each day might seem strange objects to choose to commemorate but by sticking the shards to a new plate the worker created something that was wholly theirs. A new object that commemorated their life in service. A patchwork of trips made back and forth, and of objects touched each day.

In 2019 I visited Lyme Regis for the first time and found myself scouring the Victorian rubbish dump that has spilled onto the beach as the cliff face has gradually eroded. I collected shards of rainbow coloured glass, blue and white china, and more than a smattering of brown terracotta. On returning home I knew, like the Victorian's before me, that I wanted to use these fragments to memorialise my trip. I wanted to make my own souvenir. I turned to the memory jug as a way of just doing this, covering a cider jug with all the pieces I had amassed on this trip to Dorset and a selection of shells I had found on the Eastern shores of Florida earlier that year. Whilst I was making it I also happened to smash my favourite mug, which sat on my desk holding a collection of marker pens. Although this moment felt intensely sad, having this new receptacle to suck up the splinters of turquoise china was deeply consoling. I suddenly understood what it might have felt like to smash something precious and feel a need to preserve it.

01035

01036

01044

01049

01043

01047

01055

01035
Fragment Found by Delia Nilsen
Fragment Found in Goldfield, Nevada, United States
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 26/04/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Allerton's Punch & Judy (with smoking frog) childrens plate c.1890. I live in Goldfield, Nevada. The community was named for deposits of gold near the original town site. Gold was discovered at Goldfield in 1902, its year of inception. By 1904, the Goldfield district produced about 800 tons of ore, valued at $2,300,000, 30% of the state's production that year. This remarkable production caused Goldfield to grow rapidly, and it soon became the largest town in the state with about 20,000 people.

01036
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Langbank, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 29/05/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Found on the foreshore at the Timber Ponds, where wood was stored and seasoned for shipbuilding in the River Clyde in the 18th century.

01043
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Langbank, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 29/05/2023

01044
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Langbank, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 29/05/2023

01047
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Langbank, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 29/05/2023

01049
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Langbank, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 29/05/2023

01055
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli

01058

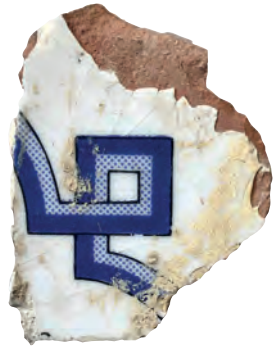
01064

01077

01088

01089

01072



01082

01080

01090

01058
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Fragment Found in a cafe
Comments/Information/Identification
Broken Willow Pattern crockery from a cafe I worked in.

01064
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli

01072
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Fragment Found in Hungary
Comments/Information/Identification
Sherd of crockery from an abandoned hotel in Hungary.

01077
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Comments/Information/Identification Elizabeth Smythe maker's mark.

01080
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli

01082
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Fragment Found in Marrakech, Morocco
Fragment Found on the street
Comments/Information/Identification
Floor tile fragment.

01088
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Comments/Information/Identification
Tile fragment.

01089
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Comments/Information/Identification
Tile fragment.

01090
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Comments/Information/Identification
Tile fragment.

01096

01103

01106

01108

01100

01101

01104

01096
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli

01100
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Comments/Information/Identification Roslyn bone china maker's mark. Roslyn was a name used by the Royal Albert group for a short period between 1946 and 1963 after they acquired the nearby Park Place works. Roslyn China produced floral bone china teaware in a similar style to Royal Albert.

01101
Fragment Found by Silvie Cristofoli
Fragment Found in a house
Comments/Information/Identification Alfoldi Porcelain factory maker's mark.

01103
Fragment Found by Kerry Mckinney
Fragment Found in Donegal, Ireland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 23/04/2023
Comments/Information/Identification Originates from a 'slipper bed pan' which was manufactured between 1910–1940.

01104
Fragment Found by Kerry Mckinney
Fragment Found in North Coast, Ireland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 23/04/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Found along river embankment. Posted on Facebook group and one member suggested illustration is potentially from 1930s/1920s, maker Mabel Lucie Attwell but unable to find any exact matches.

01106
Fragment Found by Alison Smith
Fragment Found in North Scale, Walney Island, Cumbria, England
Fragment Found on an estuary
Fragment Found on 05/07/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
A little bit of research tells me this is Morley Ware by William Morley & Co of Fenton, Stoke on Trent, and the Roman numerals denote that it was produced in September 1953 (VII/III).

01108
Fragment Found by Frances Jack
Fragment Found in Uphall,
West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 31/08/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
A piece of 'Tamerlane' pattern bowl made by Bells Pottery Glasgow c.1880.

A New Medicine

Clare Hyatt McLeod

Clare Hyatt McLeod is an artist based in Edinburgh, UK. She uses creativity as a means of coping with Juvenile Idiopathic Arthritis, which she has lived with since the age of four.

Funny you should find me
slipping, sliding down the hill.
Broken at raw edges,
lost and muddy until.
Floral pattern! Forgotten treasure!
Smooth and rough to the touch.
You make me feel alive again.
A new medicine, a new crutch.
Cocooned in claggy farm earth,
patiently. Plucked.
Both covered in the same dirt.
From here we reconstruct.

01109

01110

01112

01113

01111

01109
Fragment Found by Mauricio Andres Gonzalez Cespedes
Fragment Found in Lago Rapel, El Manzano, Chile
Fragment Found in a lake
Fragment Found on 19/09/2023

01110
Fragment Found by Michael Gillies
Fragment Found in Perthshire, Scotland
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 06/03/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Piece from a rare 19th century Scottish Spongeware bowl.

01111
Fragment Found by Rob Wilson
Fragment Found in Bude, Cornwall, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/01/2016

01112
Fragment Found by Heather Thomas
Fragment Found on 19/09/23
Comments/Information/Identification
Ceramic badge from a Kent's Knife Cleaner, 1887–1903.

01113
Fragment Found by Petra Hoefer
Fragment Found in Tayside, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 11/09/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Stoneware cream pot.

01114, 01115, 01116
Fragment Found by Janet Bounds
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification
Part of my spongeware collection from different areasthe east coast of Scotland, the Thames foreshore and the Sussex and Kent coasts.

01115

01114

01116

01118

01119

01122

01123

01120

01121

01118
Fragment Found by JoAnn Morley
Fragment Found in Aston on Trent, Derby, England
Fragment Found on 08/09/2023

01119
Fragment Found by Armeda Jociute
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 12/09/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
W H Grindley & Co backstamp.

01120
Fragment Found by Carrie Kurk
Fragment Found in Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 18/09/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Baker & Co Stork pattern.

01121
Fragment Found by Armeda Jociute
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 12/09/2023

01122
Fragment Found by Armeda Jociute
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 12/09/2023

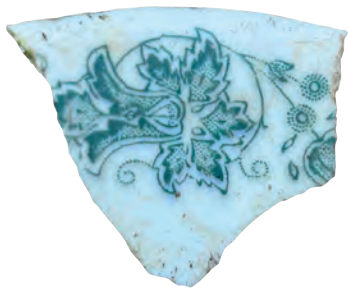
01123
Fragment Found by Armeda Jociute
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames foreshore
Fragment Found on 12/09/2023

01124
Fragment Found by Yvonne Bell
Fragment Found in Bannockburn, Scotland
Fragment Found in the old town
Fragment Found on 10/08/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Found at Spittals Bridge nr Carpet Close at the bottom of the Brae, in the Old Town. Manufacturer and pattern is unknown. I was taking part in an archeological dig as part of a team, in search of the now demolished Wilson Mill buildings. One of the other volunteers found the first piece and I found others that would have been part of the same piece of china.

01124

01134

01137



01139

01140

01147

01148

01138

01146

01134
Fragment Found by Beth Robinson
Fragment Found in Bristol, Rhode Island
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 1990s
Comments/Information/Identification
Found this (and many more) fragments in Bristol, Rhode Island under the Mt. Hope Bridge.

01137
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 01/06/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
I found the two sherds on different days but similar location. Months later I spotted a mug in a room display, on a mantle piece at The People's Palace in Glasgow! I don't know the maker though.

01138
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Gourock, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Fragment Found on 03/08/2022

01139
Fragment Found by Henry Kornfeld
Fragment Found in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, USA
Fragment Found in a woodland
Fragment Found on 05/10/2023

01140
Fragment Found by Henry Kornfeld
Fragment Found in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, USA
Fragment Found in a woodland
Fragment Found on 05/10/2023

01146
Fragment Found by Jason Macey
Fragment Found in Conyer, Kent, England
Fragment Found in an old dump
Fragment Found on 14/09/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Found at a Victorian coastal rubbish dump at the former brickworks at Conyer in Kent. Fragment from a cup used on trains from Paddington Station.

01147
Fragment Found by Sorina Rebekah McGregor-Portlock
Fragment Found on 25/06/2023

01148
Fragment Found by Grant & Melody
Fragment Found in Canada
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 10/07/2021

Broken Blue

Kate Clayton

with thanks to Duncan McLaren
and Marilyn Riches.

Kate Clayton is a performance artist based in Glasgow and the Isle of Bute, UK. Her practice focuses on the visibility of older women, in what is, in part, an attempt to claim agency for the over-70s.

A bag full of bits of broken blue pottery found in a charity shop on the Isle of Bute.*

*see page 240.

I spread out the collection on a table in my studio by the sea, and call upon Sibylla, the angry prophetess from Ancient Greece to help me to bring alive what the sherds have to say for our audience today.

As the above photo of the 2023 performance shows, I am Sibylla and Sibylla is me, though I will refer to her in the third person. My Sibylla comes from the First Century B.C. when there were about ten Sibyllas spread throughout the Mediterranean. So she has been around for about 2000 years, whereas I've only had 74 years to come to terms with my society's collapse.

As a close scrutiny of the sherds on the table-top shows, she has seen so much more. A traditional Buddhist society in Japan before the bombs fell; country lanes lined with flowery hedgerows in pre-war Europe; and most of all Sibylla's original homeland, for there is nothing as inspiring as a woman dressed in a toga and traveling in a chariot towards a temple. Alas, that classical Greek world is all broken.

So sad that's what Sibylla is much of the time. She becomes sad and then that sadness turns to anger, bitterness and resentment. Who is she resentful of? Certain men. Always men. Not all men, but those foolish tyrants at the top of pyramids of power.

Sibylla invites our visitors to choose a fragment of pottery that means something to them. Many go for the piece that appears to be an unbroken butterfly. After it's been chosen four times, Sibylla concludes that it must be the only butterfly left on the island.

A woman describes what she sees on a particular piece, a family on a rug having a picnic. Sibylla suggests it may be refugees on a raft who have fled persecution in their homeland. She says this with such conviction that everyone concurs. She is the seer, after all.

Another visitor picks up a fragment of pottery that reminds him of mangrove swamps in Indonesia. He has a job based in Singapore that is concerned with the climate crisis, and the conversation that ensues starts local and goes global.

Suddenly every sherd handed to Sibylla by visitors brings to mind the sea bed, scraped and dredged for scallops. The marine ecosystem destroyed so that a few entrepreneurs get rich. "Businessmen who know the price of everything and the cost of nothing!" she cries sarcastically, then rushes out of the studio.

The partial decline of Western society, specifically British, is my own lived experience, so that is what I offer up when Sibylla is gone. It is a story that includes an agricultural landscape that brutalises the very land it relies on. The eating of too much ultra-processed food. Tory misrule, Brexit, Covid-19, and whatever else the tycoons and oligarchs have in store for us. But it's not all bad. As I'm handed bits of pottery, I accept the challenge of telling people about what's happening in my village. Everything seems idyllic. Visitors to the island spend an hour or two floating across the smooth surface of the bay on paddle-boards. Warmer water means swimming can take place from May to September, even longer for those wearing seal suits. Elegant sailing boats moor overnight at the pier so that those on board can enjoy a sunset while finishing off their Negronis.

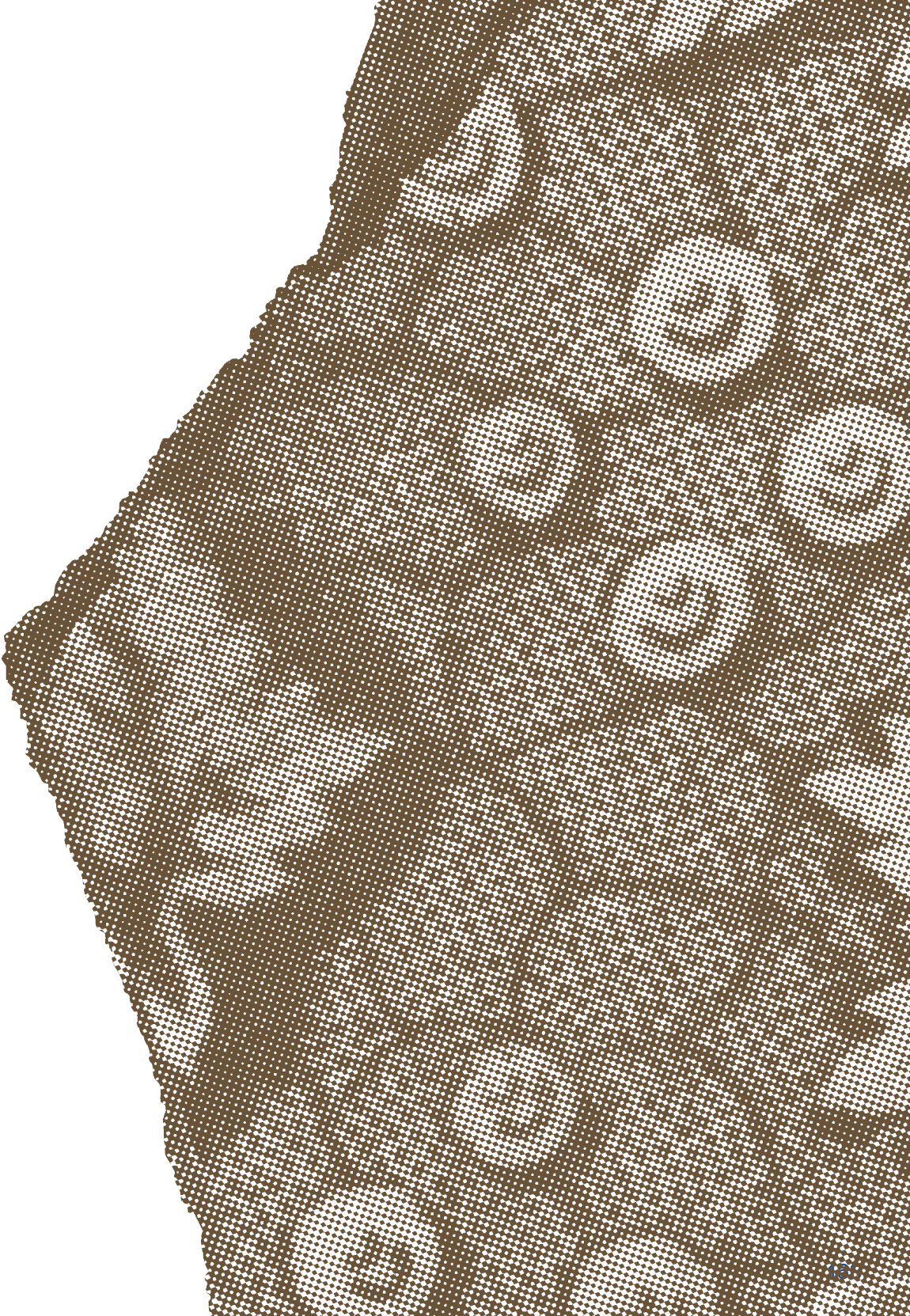
Sibylla, now back in the room, translates this vision in a brutal way. Metaphorically speaking, she smashes my pot into pieces so that – she explains–visitors coming here in the future find the sherds and think that paddle-boarding was an activity popular in Eighteenth Century Japan. Her angry truth is that everything falls apart and the relics of one broken society mingle with the remnants of another.

"Beware! The fish farm cometh!" shouts Sibylla into the face of the studio's most recent visitors, who have come expecting a delicate pottery-making demo. She asks them collectively if they know about Dante's *Circles of Hell* as they apply to filthy fish farms. She tells them that at the bottom of the net-cage where thousands of fish circulate in the dark, nibbling each other's flesh and excrement, life crosses into the sorry state of not being worth living.

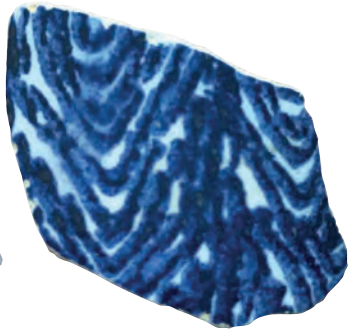
Those visitors exit fast, but I know what Sibylla means. I know why she is spreading the word.

A multinational aquaculture corporation has bought the so-called rights to site a fish farm off Bute. The company is ready to expand its profitable operation. It sponsored a dinner at a posh venue in Glasgow in 2022. Those invited included politicians the company hoped to influence, plus shareholders, and scientists it wanted to reward for their crooked research. I was there with an anti-fish farm placard, but I didn't manage to turn anyone back. They all trooped in to enjoy their poison-pink salmon steak on a bed of endangered sea grass.

What can we do? Sibylla asks us to close our eyes and imagine flying with her to the top of the extinct volcano that rises up behind my studio. She asks us to accept that 500 years have passed. She asks us to note that sea-level has risen and that my little studio is underwater. I can accept this, because, she assures us, there is no sign of a fish farm in any direction, just dolphins feeding on shoals of silver fish, and gannets doing likewise. Sibylla tells us that if we searched the ocean bed for bits of broken blue we would find the odd bit that showed fountains adorned with unnatural looking fish. She speaks in that imperious way of hers: "*Dawn-fresh Aquaculture*, a popular plate pattern in the first half of the Twenty-first Century. Briefly here but long, long gone."



01149



01152

01153

01154

01149
Fragment Found by Claire Adholla
Fragment Found in Belhelvie, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification
Some of my Mum's pottery finds from years of beach walks.

01152
Fragment Found by Frances Jack
Fragment Found in Durness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 12/09/2023

01153
Fragment Found by John Macready
Fragment Found in Jersey, Channel Islands
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 18/09/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Pekin pattern made by Beech & Hancock, c.1850s.

01154
Fragment Found by John Macready
Fragment Found in Jersey, Channel Islands
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 18/09/2023
Comments/Information/Identification Back-stamp from Pekin pattern made by Beech & Hancock, c.1850s.

01155
Fragment Found by Beth Robinson
Fragment Found in Bristol, Rhode Island, USA
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 1990s
Comments/Information/Identification
Found this (and many more) fragments in Bristol, Rhode Island under the Mt. Hope Bridge. I collected this piece in the 1990s. It comes from a 1984 Kellogg's Rumble-Tums bowl.

01156
Fragment Found by Marion Helwig
Fragment Found in Dongara Beach, Australia
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 18/09/2023

01155

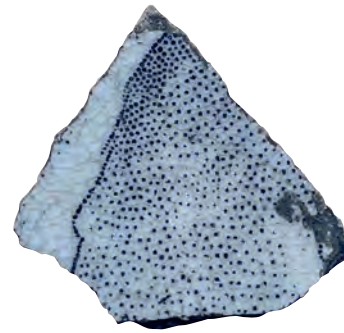
01156

01180

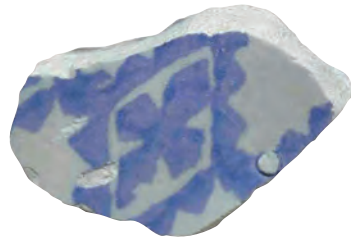
01185

01201

01203



01204



01192

01202

01180
Fragment Found by Jessica McIntosh
Fragment Found in Barnwell, England
Fragment Found in a brook
Fragment Found on 01/11/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
Low quality 'clobbered' transferware. It had a glaze painted over the transferware design... badly done!

01185
Fragment Found by Ale Milula
Fragment Found in Buceo Beach, Montevideo, Uruguay
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 21/11/2023
Comments/Information/Identification Between 1778 and 1810, thousands of Spanish and Portuguese ships entered the port of Montevideo to colonise South America. Throughout the port's history there have been many shipwrecks which only now are being removed from the area.

01192
Fragment Found by Ale Milula
Fragment Found in Buceo Beach, Montevideo, Uruguay
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 21/11/2023
Comments/Information/Identification Between 1778 and 1810, thousands of Spanish and Portuguese ships entered the port of Montevideo to colonise South America. Throughout the port's history there have been many shipwrecks which only now are being removed from the area.

01201
Fragment Found by Lisa Mallen
Fragment Found in Yorkshire, England
Fragment Found in an old tip
Fragment Found on 25/11/2023

01202
Fragment Found by Nicholas Kane
Fragment Found in California, USA
Fragment Found in a camp
Fragment Found on 06/01/2024

01203
Fragment Found by Laura Kennedy
Fragment Found in Acton Green Park, Chiswick, England
Fragment Found in a park
Fragment Found on 06/01/2024

01204
Fragment Found by Laura Kennedy
Fragment Found in Acton Green Park, Chiswick, England
Fragment Found in a park
Fragment Found on 06/01/2024

Frag of a Fragment

ments

A Possible History

Lara Chapman

Lara Chapman is a writer, editor and curator based in Sydney, Australia. Her work explores the hidden narratives, patterns and politics that operate in everyday objects.

1. Becoming Clay

I used to be a butterfly, I used to be a rock. I was a lonely speck of quartz; a drop of aluminium; a sprinkling of silica. I still am all these things, but over my millions of years of existence (it's hard to keep track of exact time-lines underground) I have concentrated into something new.
"Clay" the worms whisper as they pass through me.

2. Wrenched from Home

OUCH! I am sliced and tugged.
OUCH! Hauled and sucked.
OUCH! Pulled and shovelled into a blinding light. It's warm up here, a strange blowing passes, intermittently, over me. I am hurled and hauled and rolled and loaded. Indignant and shaken up, broken apart from my neighbours and damp dark home. I am waiting, unsure. I am Earth taken hostage.

2.1 The Digger

Another day, another wagon full of Dorset mud – "Growan Clay", I've heard the bosses murmur, speaking of its value. Looks like sludge to me. But puts dinner on the table... just about. When my old-before-its-time back refuses to bend for another shovelful, I stop, stretch out my creaks and wonder: Where on earth will this earth end up?

3.1 The Driver

Due north, with a cart stinking of the land. I bump along the potholed roads leading from sea to chimneys. My horse and a few whistled tunes, my company. I smell 'the potteries' – that is, the seven towns of Stoke-on-Trent – before I see them. I used to like spotting the bottle-like chimneys on approach, but now I can't see the ovens for all the smoke!

4. A Dizzying Experience

Hands grab me, squeeze me, grope me, split me. I am carried overhead by small hands and a running body then passed to bigger ones. Slapped onto a freezing surface and splashed with water. "Turn it! Faster!" A girl pumps a handle and I begin to spin, spin, spin my body forced mostly downwards, I try to resist but I morph easily. I am dizzy, I am flat.

5. Hellish Heat

Abandoned on this shelf I have dried out and become fragile – brittle with bitterness, delirious with dehydration. I'm in some kind of brick building, an "oven", I overheard. I am hot, getting hotter. Terribly, unbearably scalding in this smoky inferno. My body tenses and transforms. The air clears. I am hardened, solid, strangely strong. I have changed.

6. A New Skin

I am getting used to my new self as I sit, stacked, between others just like me. I have new skin too. A gentle lady put it on me. What an odd sensation it was – sticky and watery and the bristly brush was unpleasantly ticklish. Nonetheless, when she peeled back the paper and admired my detailed surface, I felt a twinge like pride.

4.1 The Potter

The kids aren't moving quickly today and there is a franticness in the damp, dusty factory air. "FASTER!" If I had a penny for every time I heard that, I'd be a rich man by now. I avoid the manager's beady eyes and vicious hands, pressing plates on the jigger-jolly – a far too cheery name for such a mundane machine that just churns out crockery.

6.1 The Transferer

A new design for the plates today. I saw the artists etching it onto copper sheets just yesterday. This morning we rolled them through the presses onto sheets of soap tissue paper. The girls have been cutting them up, quick as can be, since dawn. Bless 'em, I remember how my feet used to ache, all for a measly 3 shillings a week. Thank god I get to sit now doing transfers.

7. Stove Lighter

I've fired up the big bottle, feeding the over the kindling I snuck from the neighbouring farm. In its belly, pieces I've seen before. I first turned them solid at 1250°C, then fixed their transfers at 1000°C. Now, the final firing. They'll go in white and emerge glossy, the clear glaze protecting their paintings. It's a magic trick and I am the assistant, keeping the temperature just right for sorcery.

8. To the City

On the move again. I've been packed, tightly, into a great big chest. It feels a bit like home in here, dark and snug amongst my twin plates. I think we are travelling differently this time, there is a bobbing underneath me, an occasional gentle sway and tilt. The bumps are far fewer. Where we are headed, I know not.

8.1 The Lock Master

A narrowboat with a load of crockery has just passed through, headed to London they said. I took their toll and helped them glide through the lock's watery pools. That ceramics man made sure these canals got built. Floating means less breakages, he said, than horses and carriages on potholes. Along the river, goods move without smashing. One clever chap, that Wedgwood.

9. So Many Hands

I am used to hands. I've held by those who made me, those who sold me, those who bought me. Some admire me, others handle me roughly. Fingers and palms all feel different – tender or nervous or kind or strong. Some don't touch me at all. In the grand old house I'm in now, I endure the slice of knife across me and the stab of fork against me, day after day.

9.1 The Owner

The plates are an apology for being away for so long. Purchased from the most fashionable store in London, he said. The banjo player* that peers out from the centre is rather charming, so unusual. They are perfect. Although china, no matter how fine, cannot compensate for hours of loneliness. He laughed when I told him this, and kissed me.

*see fragment 00423, page 44.

10. Sumberged To Shiny

The first time it happened I thought I'd drown. Dunked and held, dunked again. Gasping, drenched, completely at the mercy of the callused hands that swiped at me and slathered me with soapy horridness. Now I expect it, and can brace myself. Sometimes I even enjoy the liquid warmth and the subsequent hug of the tea towel.

10.1 The Kitchen Hand

I'm fuming. For years I have washed and cleaned, washed and cleaned, washed and cleaned. Keeping this house spotless, but for what? Nothing. Master returns and I ask for a measly shilling more a week and he says he cannot afford it. I bet this stupid plate, that I will wash a thousand times over, costs a year or more of my salary alone.

11. A Snuck Tenderness

Tonight, oh tonight! In the kitchen, the tip of the servant's tongue reached for me, tentatively at first. Then, sure that no one was watching, urgently, her mouth open wide so the full length of her tongue could press against my smooth body, traversing me urgently, over and over. I know it was not me she was there for but the untouched chocolate mousse. Even still, this tender memory will fill my many idle shelf hours.

11.1 The Servant

I spied that the little boy had not touched his mousse at the dinner table. I will check to see if he is feeling quite well but before I do, I've snuck into the kitchen and eaten his dessert. Yum! It was worth every second of risk. God knows what the housekeeper would do if she caught me. Perhaps it tasted all the sweeter for the danger.

12. Watching, Waiting

From my perch in the glass-fronted dining room cabinet, I have observed generations of dinner parties – years of celebrations, stolen glances, secrets and sadnesses. I have grown strangely fond of this place, these people. I've watched as my comrades have fallen – to chip or to crack. A slip or a drop. There are so few of us left now.

13. The Dumping

I knew the day would come but it was so much more painful than expected. I have been thrown away, not because I was shattered by accident or carelessly handled but because I am the last one standing. People have been calling me "outdated". They threw me out with the leftover dinner and I have cracked into a thousand pieces. My body, my heart, my pride: all broken.

14. A Return To Earth

Home sweet home. I didn't know how much I had missed this underground world. The earth swaddling me in its delicious dampness; the wonders of the creatures that pass by; the noises of things moving, living, being; creaks and drips and scuffles. I don't quite fit in here anymore, I'm a little rigid, but nor do I feel a complete stranger. Perhaps I can learn to rest quietly here, packed tightly into the clay once again.

14.1 The Bank Builder

A daylight robbery, this pile of household waste. Sold to us by a young, tetchy, man who claimed its "superior quality". Why my boss cared about that is beyond me. We only need it to pack out the riverside's walls. We're building near the new wharves. I just hope it doesn't stink too much and that our banks hold tight.

15. Sun Kisses

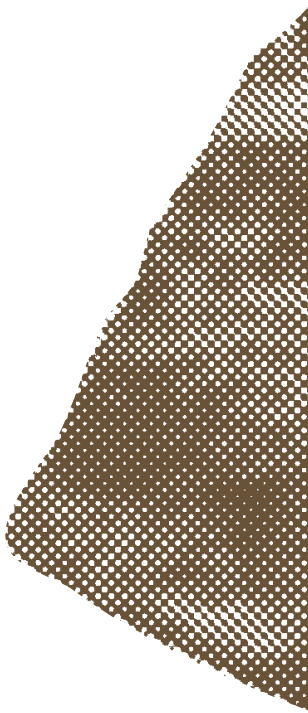
Today the tide lapped at my feet
and the mud covering and protecting
my front slipped away leaving me
vulnerable, exposed. The sun's kisses
against my body warming me were
a welcome surprise. How long since
I was last dry? Tens of years?
Hundreds? More?

OH! I feel myself being
extracted, surgical fingers pushing
aside the other debris of this liquid
rubbish tip to reach me, then pinch-
ing and pulling. I'm yanked free then
cradled. "Oh my," a gentle voice.
"It's beautiful."

15.1 Finders Keepers

Down on the Thames foreshore, I
find my peace. Alone, for once, in
this sardine-tin city. It is only the
second time I've ventured down to
the bank, searching out stories in
things that've got left behind.
People on Instagram and TikTok call
it "mudlarking" but I think of it
more as treasure hunting.

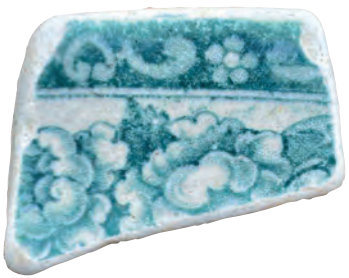
A glimpse of green against the
browny-grey mud. Moss…Or?
I reach down, careful not to slip and
dig it out. "Oh my," I whisper.
I breath in, awe floods through me:
where have you been little fragment?
What history have you borne witness
to? What worlds have you known?
"It's beautiful."



01208

01209

01211



01213

01206

01210

01222

01223

01206
Fragment Found by Jo Fitz
Fragment Found in River Lee, Cork, Ireland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 18/01/2024

01208
Fragment Found by Eleanor Louise
Fragment Found in Fraisthorpe Beach, East Yorkshire, England
Fragment Found in a beach
Fragment Found on 10/12/2023

01209
Fragment Found by John Macready
Fragment Found on 10/12/2023

01210
Fragment Found by Emma Fauvel Jones
Fragment Found in Jersey, England
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 21/02/24
Comments/Information/Identification
Fragment from Temperance Movement transferware. The Temperance Movement was a social movement that campaigned against the consumption of alcohol. Temperance societies began to be formed across the UK, America and Ireland in the 1830s, the sherd is likely from around this time. In the center of the pattern is a shield with the words 'Industry, Freedom, Plenty, Health, Wealth, Wisdom' and their corresponding symbols. On either side of the shield are a man and woman holding flags that read 'Sobriety' and 'Domestic Comfort", and two small children sit beneath them.

01211
Fragment Found by Deirdre Stewart
Fragment Found in Angus, England
Fragment Found on 29/02/24

01213
Fragment Found by Claire Tuck
Fragment Found in Kirkcaldy, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 11/02/24

01222
Fragment Found by Ella Mackay
Fragment Found in White Cart River, Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 24/02/24

01223
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in White Cart River, Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 24/02/24

01224

01225

01227

01229

01224
Fragment Found by Ella Mackay
Fragment Found in White Cart River, Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 24/02/24

01225
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found on 15/03/24
Comments/Information/Identification
Plate that reads 'Man & Ass – Turnips, cabbages,carrots. Ha! Now try Ma'am, I dare say you and I can agree upon a price for this bunch of turnips.'

01227
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found on 24/11/23

01228
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found on 16/10/23

01229
Fragment Found by Sarah Gallant
Fragment Found in New Brunswick, Canada
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 26/06/23

01228

Red Sky at Night, Gleaner's Delight –

Tracing Landscape, History, and a Common Heritage through Found Objects

Amy Gowen

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A Quest for a Trace

Gleaning,
salvaging,
combing,
scavenging,
larking,
foraging, are all acts that lead to the ultimate goal of *discovery*. Practised since time immemorial; the pursuits of gleaning – mudlarking, beachcombing, and fieldwalking have been enacted both out of necessity and for pure pleasure. Whether the desire to search for, and find forgotten artefacts across landscapes is motivated by trade and commerce, personal collection building, or hobbyism, the connecting line between such occupations and interests land in a quest for *a trace*.

This trace can be identified through bringing the human into direct dialogue with the non-human. Our landscapes – those that still remain untouched – are raw and bountiful. They evoke feelings of wonder and the sublime and an escape from our man-made environments. Contributing to an overall sensation of the more-than, other-than, or beyond-human. Simultaneously and perhaps directly because of this exact sensation, these same landscapes can inspire a drive for conquering the sublime fuelled by the desire to search, discover, and create demarcations of human trace. These human traces come to life through clear signs: preordained pathways, constructed checkpoints, milestones, framed ordnance maps, or carved wooden posts that signal the well-trodden route. Traces can also be subtly, yet perhaps more powerfully found in the fragile and minute; undiscovered chippings, carvings, and fragments that lay atop or tucked under the surface of sand and soil. Searching for the traces of bygone human lives and the hidden histories of those who have flâneured and forayed the same terrains, motivates a dual-form of trace. We long to delve, comb, and explore traces left before us, and to maintain a trace through the act of identifying, uncovering, and collecting.

Imagined and ephemeral histories are transformed into material reality through these particular traces, amplifying the thrill of this very specific hunt. One example is the modern mudlarking activities that take place along the Thames Foreshore in London. In their search for objects untouched since they were lost hundreds or even thousands of years ago, each artefact that a mudlarker discovers pieces together something new and unique about London's history. In doing so, modern mudlarks regularly discover and recover an incredibly wide range of artefacts from all periods of British history, from prehistoric to modern times.[1] These acts of tracing and memorialising are fashioned in both official and unofficial ways. Though many of the objects found are free to form part of the finders' personal collection, anything discovered on the Thames Foreshore much be recorded as part of the 'Portable Antiques Schemes' overseen by the British Museum and Amgueddfa Cymru in order to 'advance knowledge of the history and archaeology of England and Wales.'[2]

Whether it be through modern mudlarking, beachcombing, fieldwalking, or gleaning, the rush of chasing the trace foregrounds a certain felt importance of individual experience in shaping our historical, geographical, and environmental consciousness. Many writers, including Jean Sprackland, Kathleen Jamie, and Wyl Menmuir have focussed on the act of 'beach-combing', the scavenging for objects and artefacts across shorelines.[3] In these texts the authors emphasise the personal, the ephemeral, and the contingent as part of their acts of foraging and finding.[4] In the beachwalking memoir 'Strands', Jean Sprackland writes, "things arrive unannounced, then disappear again under the waves; buried history comes to the surface; traces of the past are exposed and erased".[5] Shorelines became sites of entice-ment, precisely because of what can be traced there. It is both immediate and fleeting, suggesting the possibility of a narrative without necessitating a simple or unified solution, the philosophy of 'everything has a complex story to tell'.[6]

1 "Thames foreshore permits | Port of London Authority." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://pla.co.uk/thames-foreshore-permits.
2 "The Portable Antiquities Scheme (PAS) | The British Museum." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://www.britishmuseum.org/our-work/national/treasure-and-portable-antiquities-scheme.
3 "Pagelarking: Beach-combing, Mudlarking, and Textuality." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/pdf/10.1080/14688417.2024.2307985.
4 ibid
5 Jean, Sprackland,. Strands: A Year of Discoveries on the Beach. Vintage UK.
6 ibid

A further trace surrounding found objects sits outside the commercial and the personal, and instead contributes vital knowledge and narrative to the story of our natural environments and the changes they face. This includes the continued impact that human behaviour has on climate and landscape. Shores, beaches, fields, and banks offer new ways of contemplating both the nature of storytelling and the way in which our own relations between self, nature, and environment are retold and shared. The idea that with every object comes a clue that pieces together a more detailed and complex narrative of our past means that searching the land for objects, and committing time, care, and energy directly to these landscapes recontextualizes the relationship between an individual and their environment.

Many authors emphasise the connection between beachcombing and personal understanding. In 'Sea Bean', writer Sally Huband describes how beachcombing helps her "place [her] imagination in the sea and […] seek an understanding of its workings".[7] Moreover, the popularity of beachcombing and mudlarking texts has paralleled an increased awareness of environmental changes. In Alexandra Campbell's words, the visibility of plastic detritus, "provides access to pressing concerns regarding a growing consciousness of global environmental crises as evidenced through the transnational flow of plastic debris",[8] especially for Western, and especially British writers.

Shoreline debris can illustrate the pervasiveness of human waste. As a result, recent studies have linked beachcombing activities to more general environmental awareness. Sophisticated recreational beachcombers use knowledge of how storms, geography, ocean currents, and seasonal events determine the arrival and exposure of rare finds. Many beachcombers serve as excellent stewards of the seashore, working with government agencies to monitor shore erosion, dumping and pollution, and reef and cliff damage, alongside other environmental impacts.

Our natural landscapes, our seas, forests, fields, meadows, peaks and highlands are in theory, part of a

7 Sally, Huband,. Sea Bean: A Beachcomber's Search for a Magical Charm – A Memoir. HarperOne.

8 "Atlantic exchanges: The poetics of dispersal and disposal in Scottish…." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/abs/10.1080/17449855.2019.1590622.

'common good'. In being so, they also function – in theory – as a 'commons'; a natural resource that is equally distributed amongst all who use and organise around it. Although the official and unofficial acts of tracing; the recording, memorialising, and collecting of found objects and artefacts suggest an approach that centres stewardship, a clear question remains as to whether this human desire to search, to find, and to discover across our natural landscapes causes friction against the concept of a 'common good' and 'common resources'.

Without doubt, the search for traces uncovers and contributes to furthering the nuances, complexities, and undiscovered layers in personal and collective histories and geographies. Yet these acts can also warp our notions of value, material histories, and, in some cases, fall directly into the hands of enclosure, the antithesis of a 'commons'. The question is therefore how to balance this quest for the trace, the desire, and the thrill of piecing together histories, and heritages in a manner, as described by 'The Diggers', a English activist dissident group in the 14th century that fought against the enclosure of land, that treats the earth, the landscape, and our natural habitats as "a common treasury for all, without respect of persons".[9] One which is achieved through "shared cultivation, undoing the exploitation of the earth and humankind together".[10]

9 Rebecca, Tamas,. Strangers: Essays on the Human and Nonhuman. Makina Books. p.12
10 ibid

Tracing Value

Tracing the merits of value placed upon found objects can seem oblique at best – highly fluctuating, and notably subjective. To look to official accounts such as those of the British Museum and their 'Portable Antiquities Scheme', the most established recorded documentation of found objects, in which over 1.4 million have been recorded, the stated recommendation is that 'anyone believing they have found Treasure should report it to the Coroner in the district in which it was found.'[11] But what constitutes 'Treasure'?

For many, *any* found object is treasure. A lost trace of the past filled with history, context, and very often

created using antiquated handcrafts, feels like a prized discovery, and one worth keeping. Which is why personal collections have such appeal; to collect, store, and exhibit these objects, on the mantelpiece, in the hallway, sitting on the bookshelf, and to share and exchange with others. Part of the practice of collecting relates to the lineage of gleaning that tracks from necessity, as witnessed in the 18th and 19th centuries, to one of leisure today. London's Mudlarkers combed the Thames foreshore which was only accessible for a few hours a day at low tide in their hunt for objects. Victorian mudlarks were the original 'Foragers of the Foreshore,' scavenging for anything on the exposed riverbed which they could sell in order to survive.[12] They were often children, mostly boys who braved dangerous conditions to find practical items like coal, iron, copper nails, and ropes which they could trade in order to buy food and essentials for themselves and their families.[13] Out of desperation, these young children went mudlarking to survive.

11 "The Portable Antiquities Scheme (PAS) | The British Museum." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://www.britishmuseum.org/our-work/national/treasure-and-portable-antiquities-scheme.
12 "Thames foreshore permits | Port of London Authority." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://pla.co.uk/thames-foreshore-permits.
13 ibid

Similarly the Beachcombers of the 18th century, most famous on the Pacific and Polynesian Islands, were synonymous with a criminal or a drifter, though the vast majority were simply unemployed sailors. It is estimated that 75% of beachcombers were sailors, particularly whalemen who had jumped ship. They were predominantly British,with an increasing number of Americans, particularly in Hawaii and the Carolines. It is estimated that in 1850 there were over 2,000 beachcombers throughout Polynesia and Micronesia. The Polynesia and Melanesia communities were usually receptive to beachcombers and castaways who were then absorbed into the local community, most usually by formal adoption or by marriage, with the beachcombers and castaways often being considered a status symbol of the local chief.

Many modern day beachcombers follow the 'drift lines' or 'tide lines' on beaches across the world and are interested in the mostly natural objects that the sea casts up. For these people, 'beachcombing' is a recreational activity made up of looking for, and finding

various curiosities that have washed in with the tide: seashells of every kind, fossils, pottery shards (sea pottery), historical artifacts, sea beans (drift seeds), sea glass (beach glass), driftwood, and messages in bottles.

All of this goes to show that these activities of gleaning remain just as, if not more prevalent today. The main difference being that for the majority taking part, mudlarking, beachcombing, or fieldwalking is a hobby or pastime. As such, the predominant value surrounding these found fragments is being a player at 'the hands of history', or, for some, the recurring 'everything has a story to tell' narrative. This sense of implanted historical value, and a certain anthropomorphism that can be attached to each object found contributes to an inflated sense of worth that is rooted in the personal and emotional. So then, what are the ethics of removing these objects and placing them in a new place and home? In searching the land and the shoreline for these objects and removing them, we remove them from the open and authentic sphere, and deposit them into the privatised, the domestic, and the unknown. One perspective of this is of course the protection of the objects and a certain assurance that they will continue to live on. Yet it also removes them from the traces of their context and authenticity.

Agnes Varda's 2000 documentary, 'The Gleaners and I', follows a series of individuals in France, engaging in acts of 'gleaning'.[14] In the film 'gleaning' is represented as the hunt for food waste, rotten or forgotten fruits and vegetables left on the land, and discarded or littered objects. For most of the individuals that the film follows these items are a livelihood, acting as sustenance for selling and survival with the exception of one example, where an artist uses the found objects to create collages and installations. Though not related to found historical objects, 'The Gleaners and I' is a prominent example of how a clear value – that of human survival – can be found via the act of 'searching and finding' across the land. Can a comparison be made with the personal collections that are motivated through a hobbyist, knowledge or aesthetic-driven pursuit?

14 "The Gleaners and I (2000) | The Criterion Collection." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://www.criterion.com/films/30368-the-gleaners-and-i.

Silvia Federici, in 'Re-Enchanting the World, Feminism and the Politics of the Commons' suggests that "not only are lands, forests, and fisheries appropriated for commercial uses in what appears to be a new 'land grab' of unprecedented proportions, we now live in a world in which everything, from the water we drink to our body's cells and genomes, has a price tag or is patented."[15] Perhaps it can be argued that to attach a value that escapes monetary terms and that is equated instead to memory, emotion, attachment, and the personal, creates a new system of value. Yet the essence of collecting and removing an object from its original site and replacing it within a context that is new, unfamiliar, and most importantly, private, not only removes the object from the ground it was embedded within, but also throws into question a key part of its history. The question we must then ask is: what is lost from the common, that is gained for the individual?

Later on, Federici urges us towards a curiosity for the commons, stating that, "the idea of the commons exercises such an attraction on our collective imagination; our awareness of the significance of their existence increases our desire to learn about them."[16] Can the same be said both for the act and the achievement of finding found objects? Is there an economy of worth, a reconsideration of 'value', and a method for collecting that ensures these objects do not only find their merit in private or institutional hands, but can somehow remain part of a collective, and part of a continued common?

15 Silvia, Federici,. Re-enchanting the World: Feminism and the Politics of the Commons (Kairos). PM Press. p.88
16 ibid

Tracing Enclosures

Enclosures or the privatisation of land and resources for the purpose of turning them into commodities and, thus, capital, has been embedded in British history and society since the late 1400s when farmers in England had their land and commons expropriated by state officials and landlords. As a result these farmers were turned into paupers and vagabonds, and later on, waged workers, while the land was put to work to feed the international market with agricultural commodities.

These enclosures were not a one-time process exhausted at the dawn of capitalism. They were, as Silvia Federici states, "a regular reoccurrence on the path of capitalist accumulation and a structural component of class struggle."[17]

Enclosures have been witnessed through the selling of land for profit, natural resources converted into commodities for ownership and sale, and a system of extraction and exploitation. As Rebecca Tamás states in 'Strangers, Essays on the Human and Nonhuman', "the exploitation of the earth, and the exploitation of people go hand in hand."[18]

A further example of enclosure is through the restriction in the access of land. Especially in England where only 8% of land is accessible to the public and the 'Right to Roam Act' established in 2000 in England and Wales has become increasingly under threat. This is mirrored with the inaccessibility of the Thames Foreshore. In order to access the Thames Foreshore a permit is required, yet due to an upsurge of murdlarking along these specific areas of the river, foreshore permits have been suspended indefinitely meaning those who do not already hold a permit will be unable to access and glean from these areas.[19]

The enforcement of enclosures across England and Wales, though, notably, not in Scotland, due to the protection of the Right to Roam Act, means that accessing fields, beaches, and shorelines is often reserved for the rich and privileged. These enclosures have been challenged since they were first enforced in the fourteenth-century, with the aforementioned activist dissident groups of the 'The Diggers' and 'The Levellers'. The Diggers, led by Gerrard Winstanley, Rebecca Tamás writes, "in Winstanley's understanding, the commons were a feature of English rights, that had been violated in the development of privatisation, whereby enclosures had begun to partition off formerly collective lands, which were now owned by individual aristocrats and noble families."[20] The result, since the end of the fifteenth-century, had been increasing inequity, with the landless poor often not having space on which to graze their animals. There was an explicitly ecological gloss to

17 Silvia, Federici,. Re-enchanting the World: Feminism and the Politics of the Commons (Kairos). PM Press. p.87
18 Rebecca, Tamas,. Strangers: Essays on the Human and Nonhuman. Makina Books. p.13
19 "Thames foreshore permits | Port of London Authority." Accessed April 30, 2025. https://pla.co.uk/thames-foreshore-permits.
20 bid

The Diggers politics, with Wistanley claiming that "true freedom lies where a man receives his nourishment and preservation, and that is in the use of the earth'.[21]

This sense of an ecological loss can be sincerely felt today, where more and more areas for walking and gleaning are cordoned off and made inaccessible and the land is no longer valued as a common resource. A question therefore arises as to the future of the acts of 'gleaning', 'mudlarking', and 'fieldwalking', where we see less and less of our common land available for access. As many found objects fall into private or museum hands, can the taking of these objects from the limited areas of access also be considered an act of enclosure?

21 Rebecca, Tamas,. Strangers: Essays on the Human and Nonhuman. Makina Books. p.11

What is the answer to enclosure? Many say the redistribution and the revaluing of communal lands and spaces are the basis of the commons. This can be achieved from large to small scale. As part of the lineage of The Diggers, many campaign to protect what is left of the Right to Roam and demand for more, to ensure what is considered are common land and our common resources is available, accessible, and therefore distributable for all those who wish to use it. Can the same be said for what we gather and find across these lands? Are there acts of revaluing and redistributing, either by working as collectives or as part of exchange systems, or by being selective with what we choose to leave behind for others, or for the land, that can provide a similar logic and work in alignment with the wider fight for a commons?

Tracing the Past, Present and Future of Gleaning

Gleaning of any kind is an activity that simultaneously encompasses the past, the present, and, perhaps most importantly, the future. Through the active tracing of our lands, and finding objects of decades and centuries past, history is reawakened, and emboldened within our present, entangled with the context of bygone history yet embedded within the economic, ecological, and geographic value systems of today. Federici states that, "history is a commons. History is our collective

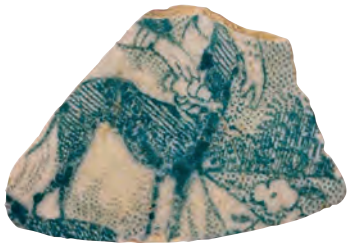
memory, our extended body connecting us to a vast expanse of struggles that give meaning and power."[22] So what about the gleaning of the future? Searching and scavenging the land helps us to piece together the trajectory our planet is heading towards, the changes happening locally and globally within our climates, our societies, and our geographies. Clues that provide knowledge, answers, and clear predictions and that might also help us to strengthen our connection to our common histories and common heritages. But what is the future of access to these lands, and therefore access to these found objects?

Federici argues that "to demonstrate the potential of communal relations, not only as a guarantee of survival and an increased capacity for resistance but also, above all, to recognise the world around us – nature, other people, the animal world – as a source of wealth and knowledge."[23] Can this same logic be applied to the activities of gleaning, salvaging, combing, scavenging, larking, foraging, and thus discovery. Can we balance the personal, the thrill of the find, the emotional value of these objects, playing into the hands of history, working with museums and portable collections, whilst also keeping the communal, the common, and the fight for the right to access, at our core? Finding tactics for this precise balance in the form of shared ownership schemes, collective fieldwalking, sharing, and exchanging programmes, or a chosen personal philosophy of leaving found objects behind can ensure continued usage of a common land, something that should remain visible to show the continued, and increasing importance of access. To together engage with the past and the present, all whilst ensuring a trace towards a future can remain.

22 Silvia, Federici,. Re-enchanting the World: Feminism and the Politics of the Commons (Kairos). PM Press. p.86
23 Silvia, Federici,. Re-enchanting the World: Feminism and the Politics of the Commons (Kairos). PM Press. p.85

01231

01234



01240

01241

01231
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Langbank, Scotland
Fragment Found on an old dump
Fragment Found on 01/03/2025

01234
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Pumpherston, West Lothian, Scotland
Fragment Found on an old dump
Fragment Found on 01/04/2024
Comments/Information/Identification
Base of a Methven Pottery, Kirkcaldy bowl called “Caller Herrin”.

01238
Fragment Found by Lesley Spagenberg
Fragment Found in Broughty Ferry, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 30/04/2024

01239
Fragment Found by Clara Miller
Fragment Found in Langbank, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank

01240
Fragment Found by Tracy Wills
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 17/03/2024

01241
Fragment Found by Ciara Courtney
Fragment Found in Kelvin River, Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 05/05/24

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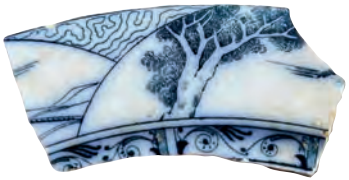

01245

01246

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01242
Fragment Found by Ella Mackay
Fragment Found in Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a cobbled lane
Comments/Information/Identification
Found while walking to Tesco.

01243
Fragment Found by Yvonne Bell
Fragment Found in Kippen,
nr Stirling, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 30/05/2024
Comments/Information/Identification
The river is downstream from a big house, now demolished and there are lots of pieces of broken Fragment from a John Gray stoneware marmalade jar. in the water and within the banking. Found by sight only, no digging. Shame I can't read the writing on the building to try and attribute it to a precise location.

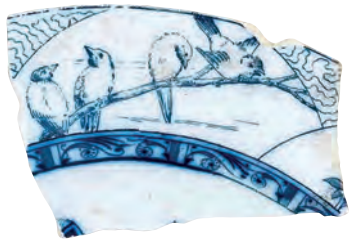
01244
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale
Fragment Found in Calderdale,
Yorkshire, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 14/02/2024

01245
Fragment Found by Amy Dries
Fragment Found in Long Island,
New York, USA
Fragment Found in a bay
Comments/Information/Identification
Aesthetic blue transferware 'Jeddo' pattern by Brown, Westhead and Moore Potteries England, circa 1880.

01246
Fragment Found by Amy Dries
Fragment Found in Cape Cod Bay, Massachusetts, USA
Fragment Found in a bay
Fragment Found on 30/08/2021
Comments/Information/Identification
'Old Curiosity Shop' bread and butter plate by Royal China, Sebring, Ohio circa 1950s. The design is based on the Charles Dickens' novel 'The Old Curiosity Shop', the shop in question was built in 1567 in London and still stands to this day.

01247

01247
Fragment Found by Deirdre Stewart
Fragment Found in River Isla,
Angus, Scotland
Fragment Found in a river



01248

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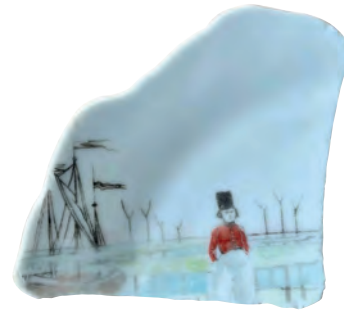
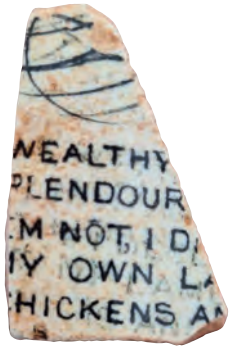


01255



01250

01248
Fragment Found by Wayne Dries
Fragment Found in Long Island, New York, USA
Fragment Found in a bay
Fragment Found on 25/01/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Aesthetic blue transferware 'Jeddo' pattern by Brown, Westhead and Moore Potteries England, circa 1880.

01249
Fragment Found by Wayne Dries
Fragment Found in Long Island, New York, USA
Fragment Found in a bay
Fragment Found on 12/03/2024
Comments/Information/Identification
This enamel ombrant (shadow) fragment has a backstamp marked H. Boulenger & Cie, Choisy LeRoi, made in France between 1863 and 1920.

01250
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale

01251
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale

01252
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale

01254
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale

01255
Fragment Found by Cathy Dries
Fragment Found in Long Island, New York, USA
Fragment Found in a bay
Fragment Found on 06/02/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
Handpainted, the glaze pearlised and shimmers in the light.

01256
Fragment Found by Giacinta Frisillo
Fragment Found in Isle of Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 06/04/2019
Comments/Information/Identification
I was doing a 3-day project called Strands, searching the east coast of Bute for sea glass and pottery and came upon this. It's always been my favourite. I've always imagined it's some sort of scales, perhaps on a sea monster.

01254

01256

Smashed Plate

Project

Louis Andrews

Louis Andrews is a multidisciplinary artist based in London, UK. His work is influenced by folklore and ornamental design.

After starting to make linoleum tattoo stamps in late 2019, I slowly began to explore what else the process could offer. I found that playing around with the technique and uncovering the little treasures it would turn out was much like the feeling I got finding objects on the Thames banks when mudlarking with my friends. When I came up with the idea for the Smashed Plate Project, I wanted to capture some of the excitement of finding a highly illustrated fragment, imagining the continuation of its details, and wondering what they would have looked like in their original form. I began the Smashed Plate Project by taking a real porcelain plate and smashing it up inside a plastic bag. I wanted to recreate the element of chance, that with every fragment there is no guarantee what will stay part of one image and what will be given over to another. I then pieced the broken plate back together and created a linoleum stamp out of the shape of the plate's remains. Once the linoleum stamp was finished, I broke it up along the plate's fracture lines. Over time I tattooed the fragments of the plate onto the bodies of different clients until the plate was once again complete. The owners of these tattoos are now, by chance, connected to another. Each one makes up part of a whole.

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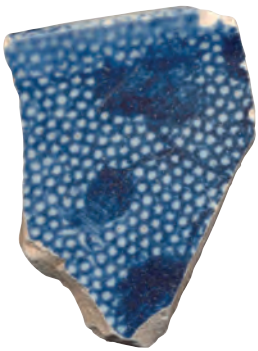

01271

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01257
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale
Fragment Found in Calderdale, England
Fragment Found in a Victorian Dump
Fragment Found on 12/02/2024

01258
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale
Fragment Found in Calderdale, England
Fragment Found in a Victorian Dump
Fragment Found on 01/03/2024

01259
Fragment Found by Carrie Hale
Fragment Found in Calderdale, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/04/2024

01261
Fragment Found by Kieran Brady
Fragment Found in Porthdinllaen, Wales
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 24/09/2024

01262
Fragment Found by Brian Dickinson
Fragment Found in Bethesda, North Wales
Fragment Found in a stream
Fragment Found on 21/08/2024

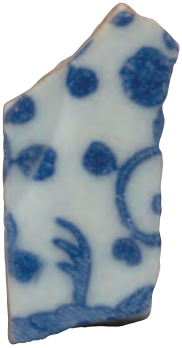
01268
Fragment Found by Joanne Merrylees
Fragment Found in Cramond, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 14/05/2024

01269
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

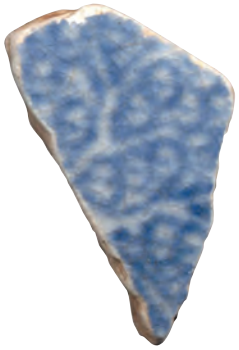
01270
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01271
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01272
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river



01273



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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01274
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01281
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01283
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

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Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01292
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

Fragment
Lost,

Gavin
McGregor

Gavin McGregor is Chief Executive of Archaeology Scotland. His practice strives to help more people get involved in Scottish Archaeology, in creative and inclusive ways.

Do you remember the first time you were made aware of human frailties and vulnerabilities? Was it when you first fell and grazed your knee? A sharp moment of pain which, for those with kindly comfort, rapidly passes? Or perhaps it was when you first heard the crash of an object hitting the ground, sherds of a teapot tinkling across the kitchen floor?

Archaeological Concerns

The pottery fragment, or ceramic sherd, arguably has a special place in archaeological practice. Unlike more ephemeral fabric or wooden objects which readily decay or rot, the sherd perseveres and presents itself more readily to the inquiring archaeologist. When producing pottery each step can affect the final character of a vessel. The production process has an almost infinite range of possibilities. Different sources of raw clay have variations in their colour and composition, processing the clay can involve adding other materials in a practice called, 'tempering' in which sand, ground stone, grog (ground ceramic), shell or other organic materials are added which alters the clay's properties. How the vessel is shaped, for example through coil or slab building, the use of moulds or wheel throwing, may create strengths or weaknesses on different parts of the vessel. Once its surface is leather-heard, a vessel is ready for decorating, though it is ultimately time in a hearth or a kiln which is truly transformational. The firing process not only

changes the colour and texture of the vessel in striking ways, but also creates a harder, more enduring material, ensuring greater longevity.

Life Worn Upon Your Breaks

How do we learn from an orphan sherd? Separated from its broken brothers and shattered sisters – who once compromised a coherent vessel – the solitary sherd falls from the world of care and use. Dislocated and lost, the sherd is embraced by the archaeological. In many cases, whether during archaeological excavation or when mudlarking or fieldwalking, we encounter single or small groups of sherds, small proportions of something larger, tantalisingly hinting at the whole vessel(s) never to be seen complete again, but possible to infer from subtle clues of angles and circumferences. Sherds from most breakages were swept up with the rubbish and placed in the midden adjacent to the house or settlement. In less fortunate cases they were taken in huge mounds of rich waste to be scattered in the fields beyond. These individual pathways leave traces on the sherd. Larger sherds with sharp crisp edges suggest a rapid incorporation and limited movement, while smaller sherds with rounded edges may have been kicked about and worn, or trampled under foot.

Embodied Vessels

The link between people and pottery is often expressed through the naming of different parts of vessels. The foot is the steady base that provides stability, the body provides the bulk, the shoulder is a distinctive shelf rising to the narrowed neck, and the mouth which exposes all to the world is encircled by the lip, where the inside meets the out. When you look at a single sherd from a larger vessel, try to imagine the people it has lived with and the stories it could tell. Notice the use of the hand evident on the surface. Perhaps decoration from pressing a digit into the surface, or the incision of a fingernail made by an individual hundreds, or perhaps even thousands of years ago. On the base of the vessel with the stamp or maker's mark, an indication of authenticity, craftspersonship and provenance born slowly from the hand of a single maker, or spewed out with the intensity of mass production.

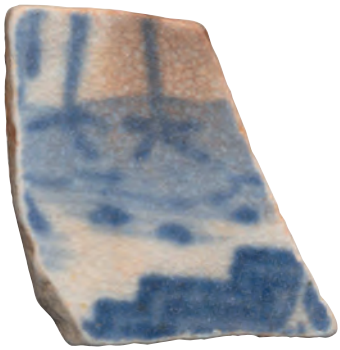
And I Too Shall Hold Your Dreams and Fears

Less frequently, the discovery of the complete vessel implies a more significant intent. This may range from a prehistoric pottery vessel, created to accompany or indeed hold a funerary deposit, to the ceramic vessel hidden in a fireplace holding a hoard of coins gathered across many pathways. In such cases, the vessel held desires and dreams greater than we can imagine, but which nonetheless continue to resonate with our concerns today.

(In) Elegant Companions

So what happens when form and cultural practices become intertwined? Whether the ostentatious banquet set, hand painted and gilt, or the plain-ware service of public institutions, there is no mistaking the communication of something greater than consumption of food and drink. An arrangement of social conventions which signify differences in expression, behaviour and perceived worth. When you find your fragment, perhaps consider not only what it looked like as part of its whole form,

but also what did it appear alongside and what were its surroundings? Do you see a table laid with a resplendent dinner service, or the bowed servant scattering the sherd filled midden across the field? Can you picture the centuries of boots that have tramped over the surface where the sherd lay, and can you hear the horse-drawn plough that finally brought it to the surface one morning, where it waited patiently to be found.



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01293
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01294
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01296
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01297
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01298
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

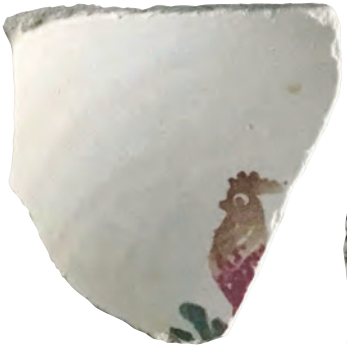
01299
Fragment Found by Zach Ozma
Fragment Found in Darby Creek, Pennsylvania, USA
Fragment Found in a river

01300
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank

01301
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank

01302
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Comments/Information/Identification
Fragments of commemorative plates/cups made for the 1888 International Exhibition of Science, Art & Industry in Glasgow.

01303
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Comments/Information/Identification
Fragments of commemorative plates/cups made for the 1888 International Exhibition of Science, Art & Industry in Glasgow.



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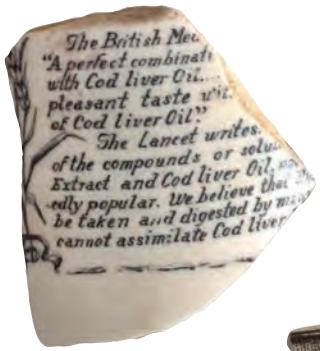
The British Med
"A perfect combinat
with Cod liver Oil
pleasant taste wit
of Cod liver Oil"
The Lancet writes
of the compounds or solu
Extract and Cod liver Oil,
-edly popular. We believe tha
be taken and digested by m
cannot assimilate Cod liver

01309

01310

01313

01304
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank

01305
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Comments/Information/Identification
Part of a stoneware pot that would have contained toothpaste.

01306
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank

01308
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Comments/Information/Identification
Part of a mug that reads 'Home Sweet Home'.

01309
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank
Comments/Information/Identification Fragment of a Byonol cod liver oil bottle dating from between 1870 and 1890.

01310
Fragment Found by Carole Gledhill
Fragment Found in Port Glasgow, Scotland
Fragment Found on a river bank

01311
Fragment Found by Kristina Kapciukaite
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 09/08/2024
Comments/Information/Identification
Piece of a 1930s plate with two golfers on it.

01312
Fragment Found by Melissa Arvilla
Fragment Found in Gloucester, Massachusetts, USA
Fragment Found on a beach

01313
Fragment Found by Miranda Huckle
Fragment Found in Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

Comm

unity in Clay

Ruth Impey

Ruth Impey is a ceramic artist and creative producer based in Glasgow, UK. Her practice is founded on the principle of making's ability to assemble alternative relationships between objects, people and the wider world.

In 2022 Ruth Impey and co-founder Louise Nolan established MakeIt Glasgow, a community interest company who run creative placemaking projects that explore the local industrial pottery heritage and shared clay stories. They co-create projects which help build skills, creating a sense of local self-esteem and belonging. Their long term ambition is to establish a Scottish Pottery Museum and manufacturing base, reviving industrial ceramics production offering training and job opportunities and creative networking both nationally and internationally. They are based at the Stockingfield Bridge, in the North West of Glasgow, which opened in December 2022. The bridge reconnects three communities: Ruchill, Gilshochill and Maryhill, fractured by the Forth and Clyde canal since the late 1700s.

EJ Can you talk about the importance of place in relation to the work that you do?

RI We work with people and clay, our history and heritage and how they all converge in this one space at Stockingfield Bridge in a way that feels poetic. We're based on the banks of the canal where the majority of Glasgow's largest potteries were situated, it's a really important and vitalising opportunity. The waterways have always been important to Scotland's ceramic industry as transport networks; getting materials in, coal and clay, and getting goods out to market across the globe. The fact that all those ceramic wares journeyed past where we are right now is a lovely link back to back to the past. The narratives of the people who were making and creating along here have been really important too. I wonder if the echoes of industry in this city can create positive change and capacity within communities now? Our projects – particularly making community scales for Bella the Beithir (a 121 metre long concrete snake-like creature from Scottish folklore which will gradually be mosaicked by the community over the next five years) is longterm and slow. We feel this really allows people to grow alongside the project and witness the positive development of their local area.

EJ You mentioned the echoes of industry, is that something that you feel is palpable within the community or is it a hidden history that has faded away over time?

RI What I'm asking myself is, "Can Scotland's pottery heritage contribute to sustainable development and capacity building to reinvigorate and reconnect contemporary communities?" Which is a long-winded way of asking, "what's there, do they know, what does it all mean and do people care about this history?" It turns out a lot of people don't know, and that process of finding out is a really engaging thing. It's like a treasure hunt. Once you reconnect local communities to this part of their own history and heritage, they are shocked, surprised and proud. When we talk about the pottery industry, we're mostly talking about tableware, it's accessible in a way that ship building or ironworking isn't. Everyone has held a cup in their hand or uses a plate or a bowl. When you start to talk about how it was made, that's when the human narrative in it comes out. People begin to think about all the hands it has passed through. They may not be named people, but named through processes: fetlers or mold makers or bottom knockers or throwers. It's then about unpacking those processes for people.

EJ The industry itself has disappeared, are there still physical traces or have they been wiped from the landscape?

RI Our built environment looks extraordinarily different from what it was when the potteries were about. For example, where the so-called 'Rusty Bridge' is now that goes over the M8 motorway, the south pillars of that go directly into where Bell's pottery factory was, and the canal used to extend and run basically where the motorway goes underneath that bridge. Bell's pottery was built right up on the banks of the canal so that it had this amazing position, it could capture these global markets. There's nothing of that left. However there are still some visible traces for examples: the ruins of Kelvin Flintmill, where flint was ground down and added to glazes, for Delftfield and Verreville Potteries the old Queen Margaret College or the BBC building as

most people know it, which was owned by the Bells Brothers and built by them from their from their pottery fortune. We like to tell people these little stories and point them to what is there. Then we introduce people to the broken sherds unearthed from excavations. Once they touch them and we talk about the history and show them complete pieces, it seems to really resonate with people. When people see an object and begin to understand where and how it was made, it all connects up somehow. It makes it real.

EJ I find it interesting that the factories, big significant buildings, are gone but the likes of a fragile, little cup can still remain, it shows how much the objects were – and continue to be – cherished.

RI People relate to that cherished object part because everyone has heard of getting the 'good china' out, or they remember their granny's old cup that she loved, or a pie dish that's been passed down through the family. The object itself was obviously made, but it's also been used to make other things whether that's a cup of tea, a pie or a beautiful arrangement of flowers. There is a connection to the hands that have touched these objects, as I say, it's that familiarity.

EJ It's apparent that the stories are a really important inroad in connecting with people. It's also clear from your name MakeIt Glasgow that making is central, can you talk a bit about that?

RI The interrogation of making as a process and how it can offer up a new lens for looking at things, whether that's objects or how we relate to one another has been very important to me. I think it was Louise Nolan, my co-founder that came up with the name and we loved it because it played on the city's adopted motto, *People Make Glasgow* and having making within our company's title clearly states our intention.

EJ It seems that clay has experienced a resurgence in recent years, why do you think that is?

RI I think it's twofold. People have an implicit relationship with clay, whether it's from playing with plasticine when they were little or rolling out biscuit

dough, the processes are familiar. You're allowed to mess about with clay and get it wrong (if there is such a thing as wrong), whereas I think materials like oil paints or working with silver or something like that, it feels like there's a bit more at stake.

EJ Do you think there's something inherent in the material itself that makes it so enticing? For me, I think there's a magic in it being a transformational material, something that changes so radically as it is manipulated, fired and glazed.

RI I think the idea of exactly that, a ball of mud per se, suddenly becoming something beautiful. The metamorphosis of that is how people are captured with a story of the caterpillar and the butterfly. I also think it's about how clay feels in your hands. It pushes back. Clay responds. There's a social-relational bond because of the properties of clay and so when you're making an object, you're not making it on your own. That's with any other material, but with clay particularly I think you get a sense of that immediately from the way it moves within your hands. You can change it, but it has its limits which inform what it can create. I think within our society right now we're not necessarily working so much with raw materials. There is a hunger within people to get back to feeling that they're participating in the world through working with their hands, especially with something that comes from the earth. It's all about tacit knowledge, mind and body coming back together through material. It just lets people breathe out.

EJ We definitely see clay having its moment but it is fairly costly and requires access to material and specialist equipment. Kilns are disappearing from schools – and even art schools – because they're simply too expensive to run. How do MakeIt Glasgow make it accessible for people?

RI What we do is for everyone and anyone, people can drop into our sessions or we can go to them. The Many Hands Mosaic (an installation of tiles created to cover parts of the Stockingfield Bridge) was about getting as many people as involved by leaving their mark on a piece of public art. We cut out tiles and gave people

stamps, tools, and things that they could impress upon the clay to make a mark. People often say, "I'm not creative, I can't do it" but if you just give them the opportunity and tools to do it, they eventually become absorbed in the process. Once we had fired and glazed them, people came back to see their contribution being added and becoming part of a bigger whole. We always want to say yes to people. Our inbox is full of people asking if they can bring their group along or come and volunteer. Over the last two weeks alone we've engaged with 1000 local school kids. I have yet to actually find somebody when you offer them a blank tile as a canvas that has said, "no, I don't want to". We provide a framework so that people feel safe to play. We often say that even pushing your thumb in leaves an individual mark. It's an easy access point.

EJ Equipping people with feeling capable is a really empowering thing. What kind of community response is your work getting?

RI It's been phenomenal. I've never worked in a place before where people just chap your door just to say thank you! In some of the locations where the potteries were situated, particularly Possil pottery, people don't necessarily think about a place that would have been making fine porcelain and employing really skilled people to create these incredible designs. That part of the history kind of makes people think differently about where they come from, and they often question why it isn't more celebrated. We're making again, presenting new opportunities and our communities are part of that.

EJ You've spoken about how the pottery industry has affected Glasgow, what about the mark it left further afield?

RI Glasgow's pottery heritage has deep roots that extend far beyond the city itself. Scotland's pottery industry was among the first to establish a successful international ceramic trade, exporting thousands of pieces to North America, the Caribbean and South-East Asia. The potteries specifically made wares for export, using cultural motifs that were specifically for the destination countries including: pineapples, dragons and

pagodas. The designs were named after local cities such as Johor (Malaysia) and Makassar (Indonesia). There's a good chance that the people who were making the designs, the appliers and the copper engravers, wouldn't necessarily have understood anything about those symbols, or they would have found them fantastical or strange. These wares were well received by the countries they were being sent to. Glasgow's first pottery, Delftfield, was established in 1748 by the Dinwiddie brothers. Robert Dinwiddie, the governor of Virginia and a slave owner, and Lawrence Dinwiddie, a Tobacco Lord and Lord Provost of Glasgow (1742-44). The Dinwiddie brothers' connections, along with Glasgow's broader involvement in transatlantic trade played a significant role in the development of the city's pottery industry. Glasgow's trade networks, which included tobacco, cotton, sugar, and slaves, also influenced the production and distribution of pottery, so the ceramic industry does not escape the city's dark history at all, in fact we should remember that it benefited significantly from it.

EJ MakeIt Glasgow is very embedded within the North Glasgow community, do you have any plans to work furtherafield?

RI I'm interested in tracing back the global trade routes and forging positive connections across the globe and also working alongside new Scots here in Glasgow, which we're already doing. Let's make things together, let's produce something, let's think about our world together. It can be with people who live next door to us, you know, on Currie Street or Brassey Street in Ruchill or it could be somebody who's in Jatiwangi, Indonesia. Stoke on Trent has always been on my mind as the capital of the British Ceramic manufacture, so that's a relationship we really want to rekindle. At the very start of Glasgow's Pottery industry, adverts were placed in the Staffordshire Gazette looking for pottery workers to come up to Glasgow to help kickstart the industry. We have made great connections with Ceramic City Stories, the British Ceramic Biennale in Stoke and Duchess China 1888 – one of the only factories who are

still producing fine bone china in the UK. We're looking to learn from them and to bring back that kind of industrial nature of making, all alongside creating apprenticeships here too.

EJ How might these global approaches influence your work?

RI Making provides a commonality across cultures, it's inclusive. I mentioned before about bringing body and mind back together which is a way for us to think about other ways of knowing, understanding and relating to the world. It challenges our Eurocentric perspective on knowledge creation and progress, and aligns with a decolonial movement of thought, which seeks to untangle the production of knowledge from western paradigms. From our northern European viewpoint we have had a fixed way of understanding what a museum is, or could be even. When we're engaging people with the pottery heritage we want it to be something participatory. Introducing people to the making process and materials is a really good way of opening up conversations about the people behind the objects, where they came from and the process of creation. As a maker I'm also mindful of the impact the materials have. For every tonne of processed clay there's about nine tonnes of waste and when you extract anything there's a great deal of disruption to ecosystems and labour involved. We're competing in this world where all these rare earth metals that would traditionally be used within glass and ceramics but are now needed for the likes of magnets, electric cars and wind turbines. Scarcity and ownership of earth materials, and the land that they occupy has always been a colonial and geopolitical issue. I have been reflecting on doing things differently, for example can we do urban mining – salvaging clay from construction sites that would otherwise end up in landfill? We need to think about how we approach our end product too, because after all the chemical change from clay to ceramic is irreversible. Fragment Found highlights that, we're finding bits of pottery made over 200 years ago and while they feel more benign than plastic it is still a man-made material that isn't going away.

EJ Your projects are about legacy and future generations, as well as past generations. Can you speak about your ambitions for the future, you want to establish the Scottish Pottery Museum?

RI The Scottish Pottery Museum has existed in my head since about 2014. The idea responds to the question: "why do people not know about this part of the city's history?" The first public facing conversation about the Scottish pottery museum was at Glasgow Doors Open Day in 2019 and I put together a lecture and a little exhibition titled, *Glasgow's Industrial Potteries: Creating a Sense of Place.* Place was always really important, as well as raising unknown voices and telling their stories. In the 1970s, a member of the Scottish Pottery Society interviewed Mrs. McGovern, one of the spongeware decorators in Verreville Pottery factory. A friend and I took a transcript of her interview to the site of the Verreville pottery and read it aloud. We did this on St Spyridon's Day, who is the patron saint of potters. We wanted to have this story told and that was the first public ritual to breathe some life back into it. I then made the Great Glasgow Pottery Trail, a cycling route connecting 15 of Glasgow's potteries, and a short film that's called, *Great Glasgow's Pottery Tale.* I curated another exhibition called *Fifty Pots*, which brought pots together from across Scotland to represent the breadth of the Scottish pottery industry, alongside the film, *More than Sherds.* So this has slowly been building momentum. It's all coming together, and is still unfolding as we speak.

EJ Until now, it's been a kind of 'museum without walls'. Is the hope to have a museum building further down the line?

RI We would like it to have a building and we're working towards that. The Scottish Pottery Museum already exists really, and has existed as my artistic practice for the past 10 years but it does require a physical space that people can come to as a point of contact. We are looking to secure two acres of land on the old Ruchill golf course, and we are beginning a feasibility study for the museum. When I think about the Scottish Pottery Museum, rather than it being all about the

objects, it's the human stories and the making of the pieces, the process, the materials and our community that are the most important. We will look for pieces or objects that represent that rather than the other way round. The tag line for the museum is 'People, Place, Pots' – in that deliberate order.

EJ Objects are clearly very important but so are oral histories, can you expand on that?

RI Every conversation means something for history. One of the last laboratory workers who worked in the glazing lab in Govancroft contacted me and I was able to interview her. She told this extraordinary story of how she was chemically looking at the glazes and the clay bodies to make them stronger and more vibrant colors, but also that they used to grow orchids on top of the kilns as a sideline to the industry. She also said that because Govancroft was taken over by Wade Pottery in Stoke there were annual football matches between the throwers from the two potteries. These are all the little bits of information that open this history up to a broader scope of people. If you're into football you can then suddenly become interested a little bit in what happened in terms of the ceramics. It's really important to gather stories while we can. Scotland's pottery industry began in 1748 and it only ended in the 1980's. We've got this breadth of stuff that's already lost, but stuff that we can still capture. We're probably only a generation away from losing that connection altogether.

EJ When will the Scottish Pottery Museum open?

RI In my head – well written down on paper – the Scottish Pottery Museum will open in September 2029. Making is a method of hope – so we are hopeful.

01314

01322

01326

01327

01318

01319

01320

01328

01314
Fragment Found by Katie McCallum
Fragment Found in Malham, Yorkshire, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 08/02/2025

01318
Fragment Found by Richard Weaver
Fragment Found in Millbank, London, England
Fragment Found on riverbank
Fragment Found on 01/02/2025

01319
Fragment Found by Richard Weaver
Fragment Found in Millbank, London, England
Fragment Found on riverbank
Fragment Found on 01/02/2025

01320
Fragment Found by Richard Weaver
Fragment Found in Millbank, London, England
Fragment Found on riverbank
Fragment Found on 01/02/2025

01322
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 03/02/2024
Comments/Information/Identification
I love looking at this sherd closeup, studying all the tiny dots.

01326
Fragment Found by Katherine Edwards
Fragment Found in Old Colwyn, North Wales
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 28/08/2024
Comments/Information/Identification
Aesthetic ware. It is my favourite fragment out of all the sherds I have found. I just found it lying on the sand. In it you can see a plant, a bit of a bird, and geometric patterns. I love the geometric border. Hard to say how old it is.

01327
Fragment Found by Clara Miller
Fragment Found in Caldew, Carlisle, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 01/04/2024

01328
Fragment Found by Kate Clayton
Fragment Found in Isle of Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found in a charity shop
Comments/Information/Identification
This sherd came from a bag full of sherds bought in a charity shop.

01329

01330

01332

01335

01336

01338

01339

01329
Fragment Found by Kate Clayton
Fragment Found in Isle of Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found in a charity shop
Comments/Information/Identification
This sherd came from a bag full of sherds bought in a charity shop.

01330
Fragment Found by Kate Clayton
Fragment Found in Isle of Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found in a charity shop
Comments/Information/Identification
This sherd came from a bag full of sherds bought in a charity shop.

01332
Fragment Found by Kate Clayton
Fragment Found in Isle of Bute, Scotland
Fragment Found in a charity shop
Comments/Information/Identification
This sherd came from a bag full of sherds bought in a charity shop. Initially built as a house in 1855, the building was converted to a hydropathic hotel, which opened as the 'Kyles of Bute Hydro' in June 1879. Hydropathy was a popular strand of medicine thought to cure a wide range of diseases through rituals of bathing, showering, soaking, sweating, and wrapping.

01335
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 09/02/2025

01336
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 09/02/2025
Comments/Information/Identification
A few years ago this bit of print would have looked like nothing more than a brown splodge to me, but I knew straight away it was – the backside of a cow! I am familiar with this cow design, which was printed on mugs in Bo'ness, and have previously found the front end of the cow.

01338
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 09/02/2025

01339
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 09/02/2025
Comments/Information/Identification
It appears to be a horse carrying a fallen tree on its back.

01342

01343

01345 & 01346

01349

01350

01347

01348

01351

01352

01342
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

01343
Fragment Found by Eva Jack
Fragment Found in Bo'ness, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Fragment Found on 09/02/2025

01345 01346
Fragment Found by Kirsten McCrossan
Fragment Found in Barassie, Troon, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach
Comments/Information/Identification
Two fragments that piece together perfectly, one found by me, the other by my partner.

01347
Fragment Found by Kirsten McCrossan
Fragment Found in Barassie, Troon, Scotland
Fragment Found on a beach

01348
Fragment Found by Mandi Hanlon
Fragment Found in Filey, North Yorkshire, England
Fragment Found on a beach

01349
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in a field
Fragment Found on 22/02/2020

01350
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in River Irwell, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 05/09/2020

01351
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in a beach
Fragment Found on 22/02/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
Fragment from a Hareraiser Plate Series by Naughty Olsen, made in Japan.

01352
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in a beach
Fragment Found on 13/02/2022
Comments/Information/Identification
'Silver Line London' shipping company founded by brothers Stanley and John Thomson. By the 1930s they had a passenger service offerin global travel to far flung places such as the Phillipines and India. I'm assuming that sherd is from that era, another little find a long way from home.

01353

01354

01355

01353
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in River Irwell, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 12/01/2020

01354
Fragment Found by Joy Sherlock
Fragment Found in River Irwell, England
Fragment Found in a river
Fragment Found on 12/01/2020
Comments/Information/Identification
A sherd marking the opening of the Manchester to Liverpool steam railway on the 17th September of 1830. The railway was built to speed up the distribution of goods for export to the rest of the world. Remarkably it only took 4 years to build the railway considering the route it had to navigate and the amount of construction undertaken: 63 bridges, an aqueduct, and 5 miles of wooden hurdles across 4 miles of bog. The service became popular immediately, taking around 800 passengers each day.

01355
Fragment Found by Thomas Day
Fragment Found in Burton on Trent, England
Fragment Found on a washland
Fragment Found on 11/02/2023

01357

01357
Fragment Found by Laurence Payne
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore
Fragment Found on 29/05/2023
Comments/Information/Identification
The illustrated image is printed in black and it would have been titled 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin was the best-selling American novel of the nineteenth century and was one of the most influential attacks on slavery ever written, and has been credited with being one of the causes of the American Civil War. The novel generated an outpouring of books, plays, music, prints, and objects such as plates. This is a decorative and highly collectable piece of antique literary pearlware pottery dating from circa 1855. The plate has no maker's mark, and the maker is unknown.

01359

01359
Fragment Found by Claire Mudd
Fragment Found in London, England
Fragment Found on the Thames Foreshore

Walking with

Dave Clarke

Dave Clarke is a teacher and archivist based in Edinburgh, UK. He is a collector and First World War enthusiast, currently working on a book on the early history of Malawi.

Sunday morning again, and back to the Forth. Grumbling waves scouring Granton Pier and piercing north wind at our backs. The slate grey skies are pregnant with rain over Fife.

"Sea's done a lovely job, good black sand!" He says, and off he strides. The diminutive and determined wiry blonde boy is my adopted son, Archie. We have been together for nearly ten years now, and every day my wife and I help him navigate his life with a series of complex, life-long conditions. We never imagined ourselves in this position, but day-by-day we make our way through. I have always been a fieldwalker and a collector with an eye for finding treasure among the trash. My mum taught me to observe, her father told me to seize any opportunity to search, and my father gave me the grit to keep persevering. Now Archie searches with me. Thus, traditions in adopted families are forged, welded.

I didn't introduce Archie to the hobby deliberately. While holidaying on Vlieland in the Frisian Islands when Archie was four, I found an eroding midden on a vacant site. Leaving his mum behind for a well-deserved morning off, I headed to the patch with him and his bilious yellow sandcastle bucket so that he could be "helpful" and "carry the bits". Within minutes of arrival, he was fractious and bored, frustrated and quietly resentful. I was preparing to leave when suddenly I heard a squeak of triumph. Archie came bounding towards me with a broken tile cradled in his hands; his movement was reminiscent of the image painted on the fragment – a bold blue hare. Within minutes, he'd broken the handle off his pail, groaning as it was with gorgeous pieces of Werra, slipware and the guts of a Bartmann jug I'd missed the day before. Every subsequent day of the holiday was spent with Archie, in his own words, 'finding old things'. He could barely sleep at night in anticipation of the next hunt, and since that trip we have never looked back. Searching and seeking are now as natural and reflexive to him as breathing.

In fieldwalking, Archie's disabilities are reversed and his autism becomes his superpower. His capacity to

hyper-focus for long periods and his incredible faculty in discerning patterns and shapes against broken backgrounds, combined with a phenomenal memory for place and position means he can wring finds from any piece of open soil or sand. He once found a chunk of Willow Pattern from the flower bed in a pub car park. Another time he turned up a coin from Inverleith Park, "1926 penny Dad! You can see the flag on Britannia's shield!" His face shines with every find and he swells with pride. He is very, very good at this and he knows it. In a world where many everyday functions can be a real struggle for him, here is one thing he truly excels at. I swell with pride too and quite often shake my head in disbelief. He picked up Charles I tuppence off a path in the Edinburgh Meadows one day when he was six. Only he could have done it! Thousands of people had tramped over that sliver of verdigrised copper in the grit and dust but only Archie saw the shape and recognised the crown and thistle.

We do not always do so well on our hunts. Sometimes the marker of a good day is a piece of gaudy spongeware for him and a sea-mauled Vulcanite stopper for me. He bemuses people with his so-called treasures and when asked why he searches he replies simply, "these things are old. There won't be any more made, so we should care for them". He knows each of our finds is a small blessing, an everyday miracle to a seeker of the past.

The time together is perhaps the greatest treasure, accompanied by gales of jargon-loaded professional blether such as, "just mochaware, don't get excited Dad!" When finds are scarce we find ourselves in deserts of companionable silence, with the occasional encouragement from Nanny via WhatsApp. I sometimes think, or hope that I can glimpse the future in this. When we are searching together we are equals, just pals, nobody else would understand it. Together we have built up a secret invisible landscape in the city of Edinburgh that is just ours. When passing a repair in the road, Archie smiles slyly at me, only he and I know that I once nipped through the plastic barriers to recover that

perfect boot black bottle off the spoil heap one evening last May. So, time marches on. As I searched with my Dad, he searches with me. Our 17th century midden in Vlieland is now under a new housing complex, but it won't always be thus. In the grey sandy soil the verdant Werraware slumbers, awaiting another father, another son.

Design

The design of *Fragment Found* mirrors the very essence of the project: piecing together scattered fragments to create something whole.

The layout embraces disruption – pottery sherds interject and interrupt the text, establishing a visual rhythm that reflects the unpredictable nature of discovery. This deliberate fragmentation invites readers to navigate the book much like a finder moving through earth and time.

Colour choices are grounded in material memory: deep blue nods to the iconic glaze of printed ceramics, while earthy browns evoke the fields, rivers, where most fragments were uncovered. Together, these tones hold the stories of land and object in quiet harmony. The publication balances archive and imagination, echoing the dual nature of each sherd – anchored in history, yet open to speculation.

Graphic Designer

Wibke Bramesfeld is an independent graphic designer with a strong focus on book design, based in Berlin. Together with Amy Gowen, she is co-founder of HumDrumPress.

Doves Typeface

This book uses the Doves Type, a facsimile of the famous Doves Press typeface, a digital reconstruction devised using the original metal type salvaged in 2014 from London's River Thames.

The Doves Press was founded in 1900 by T.J. Cobden-Sanderson (bookbinder) and run in partnership with Emery Walker (engraver, photographer and printer) in Hammersmith, London. Their books are said to be among some of the finest ever produced in Britain. Doves' Bible, 1903-05, is considered to be the master-piece of the Press and their crowning achievement. A key feature of their books was the specially designed Doves Typeface based on 15th century Venetian letterforms. It is recognisable from its distinctive diamond-shaped punctuation marks, off-centred dot on the 'i' and wide capital letters.

Despite their success, the Doves partnership collapsed in 1906, following a disagreement regarding Walker's lack of commitment to the business and was formally dissolved in 1909. This caused a bitter dispute between the pair regarding the ownership of the Doves type. They reached an agreement that all rights to Doves Type were to be held by Cobden-Sanderson until his death, at which point they would be passed on to Walker. However, a decade later Cobden-Sanderson undermined the agreement, deciding he would rather no one had use of the type and so 'bequeathed' it to the bed of the River Thames. As revealed by his diaries, between August 1916 and February 1917 Cobden-Sanderson systematically disposed of the type by throwing it into the water from Hammersmith Bridge. His mission to destroy his pride and joy is said to have occurred over the course of 170 inconspicuous trips to the bridge.

In 2010, designer Robert Green became fascinated with the Doves Type and began a project to spark its revival. In 2014, Green went down to the foreshore Hammersmith at low tide in search of the letter blocks, within 20 minutes he had found 3 sorts – the name for individual letters of type – a lowercase 'v', 'i' and 'e'. "When I was down by the river on my own, for one second it all felt very cosmic", he said. "It was like Cobden-Sanderson had dropped the type from the bridge and straight into my hands. Time just collapsed." Green then enlisted the help of the Port of London Authority diving team to try and recover more, exploring the water with bucket and sieve. In total they recovered 150 sorts – of a possible 500,000 – but enough to recreate the type. The type, which spent 97 years underwater, is now available for use by anyone for a fee.

Visit https://typespec.co.uk/doves-type/

Colophon

Fragment Found

HumDrumPress is a collaboration-based publisher. Roles and responsibilities are therefore shared by all parties, within their capacities. The following persons contributed in a multitude of ways to making this publication possible:

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To find out more about our processes you can access our publishing manifesto and manual and open-access publications (and more) at humdrumpress.com

Through rituals of discovery – such as mudlarking, beachcombing, dump digging and fieldwalking – discarded, broken and forgotten pieces of history find new value and meaning. *Fragment Found* brings together 157 finders and 14 writers to delve into the ways in which pottery fragments connect us to the past, the land and each other. From these collectively-sourced sherds have grown works of fiction, history and reflection; factual and fanciful. The stories they tell meander in many directions, taking us on journeys; be that to a detritus-filled creek in Pennsylvania or to a charity shop in Devon. Along the way, we are kept company by people real and imagined – from family members to a Greek prophetess, as well as the many people whose hands these found artefacts have passed through before our own.

Hum Drum Press

CREATIVE SCOTLAND
ALBA | CHRUTHACHAIL

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